New Statesman

Kate Hoey at the WORLD CUP

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PORN: WHAT'S IN IT FOR WOMEN?

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HILARY WAINWRIGHT corners John Smith

HEATHCOTE WILLIAMS: Stonehenge or bust

PHILLIP VAN NIEKERK: Monday next in Soweto

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Festival AGAINST APARTHEID

A ten-day Festival of discussions and artistic and cultural activities to remember the events of 16 June 1976 at Soweto. The Festival is supported by the Race & Community Relations Committee of Camden Council.

JUNE

16 MONDAY
Public Meeting:
South African National Youth Day — 10th Anniversary of the Soweto uprising
Friends House, Euston Road, NW1. 7.00pm.

18 WEDNESDAY
Afro-Liberation Music
Camden Centre, Bidborough Street, WC1
7.00pm - 10.30pm. Tickets: £2 (unwaged £1)
Featuring: Drums Against Apartheid, Sing Freedom and Lesothos's **SANKO**

19 THURSDAY
South African Women's Day of Action
Camden Centre, Bidborough Street, WC1
7.00pm - 11.30 pm. Tickets: £2 (unwaged £1)
South African Music, Poetry and Food.
Featuring: the ANC Choir, Cleo Dorcas, Sophie Mgcina, Harmony Theatre, Marsha Prescott, Caroline Perry, Lioness Chant + **ABACUSH.**
Film: 'The Hammer and the Anvil'
Swiss Cottage Library, 88 Avenue Road, NW3
Starts 7.00pm. Free.

21 SATURDAY
Public Meeting: Sanctions and South Africa
Council Chamber, Camden Town Hall, Euston Road, NW1 10.00am
Cultural Workshop: Akina Moma Wa Africa
Camden Centre, Bidborough Street, WC1
10.30am - 3.30pm. Free
Crafts with African artists. Batik making, bead making, Tie 'n Dye, songs, corporate games.
Youth Against Apartheid
Camden Centre, Bidborough Street, WC1
6.00pm - 10.30pm. Tickets £2 (unwaged £1)
Rappers, Break Dancers, Human Beat Boxers, DJs and Surprise Guests.
Featuring: Dynamic 3, Jive Junior, Cookie Crew, Daddy Speedo, Fly Boy D, the Masters, Truly Unique, Yankee, Sipho, Dave Pearce and Roger Johnson, (Radio London), Mixed Master, Steve Devonne, Chris Natt + **SMILEY CULTURE, GRAFITTI BY STATE OF THE ART.**

23 MONDAY
Conference and Workshops:
Fighting Racism and Apartheid
Camden Centre, Bidborough Street, WC1
6.00pm - 11.00pm

24 TUESDAY
Ancestral Voices (part 1)
Camden Centre, Bidborough Street, WC1
7.00pm - 11.30pm Tickets: £2 (unwaged £1)
Featuring: Zila, Jabula, Viva La Black, Taxi Pata Pata, Flo-In + **KINTONES.**

25 WEDNESDAY
Ancestral Voices (part 2)
Camden Centre, Bidborough Street, WC1
7.00pm - 11.30pm. Tickets £2 (unwaged £1)
Featuring: Dade Krama, Mulumbo, Shakish, Darkati + **UTHINGO.**

26 THURSDAY
South Africa Freedom Day:
Film 'Song of the Spear'
Scala Cinema, 277 Pentonville Rd, N1 (opposite Kings Cross Station) + Speakers.
7.00pm. Tickets: £2 (unwaged £1)

EXHIBITIONS
16 - 26. 'Women Under Apartheid' Free.
Swiss Cottage Library, 88 Avenue Road, NW3

16 - 26. 'Youth Against Apartheid' Free.
Kentish Town Library, Kentish Town Road, NW5

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New Statesman

Cover drawing: David Hine

Let's be explicit
Pornography is rarely off the public agenda — but, asks ROSALIND COWARD, does it fulfil private needs which women too could share? 23

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NEXT WEEK

DWELLERS IN DIFFERENT ZONES

The New Right talk of 'rich and poor' because the words have a pleasingly romantic sound. But they do not conceal the evil of inequality, argues BEN PIMLOTT in a moral plea for equality

EUROPE'S LEFT REALIGNS

JOHN PALMER reports on the fundamental changes that are taking place in socialist parties on the Continent

OPEN ART

The Royal Academy Summer Show is back in Piccadilly: JOHN SPURLING picks his way through the hotchpotch of landscapes, family portraits, still lifes

FUTURE TENSE

The first of what will be a regular selection fron new science fiction: JOSEPHINE SAXTON visits California and other distant planets

New Statesman

Vol 111 No 2881 13 June 1986

The People's Party contemplates reform

LABOUR'S NATIONAL leadership has spent most of the last year trying to deal with infiltrators. As we reported in December, those infiltrators were unguardedly claiming that they were driving a horse and cart through the Party's constitution. So it has to be good news that serious attention is now being paid to the inadequacies of Labour's constitution.

Essentially unchanged since 1919, the Labour Party's structure is one which reflects its original role and purpose as the political wing of the trade union movement. Individual membership of the party was a belated concession and, even now, there is a residual constitutional haziness because members join a particular Constituency Party and are not 'members' of a national Labour Party.

The proposal that is now being made that there should for the first time be a national list of members to be used initially for a free monthly mailing of a party newspaper does not address itself to the constitutional issue of 'national' membership, but it does address itself to the reality of Labour's small and falling membership. The low individual membership of the party is an invitation both to infiltrators and to unreality. It makes it easy for factions to capture rotten boroughs within the organisation and it encourages many party activists to ignore the views of millions of Labour voters, who showed conclusively in 1983 that they cannot be taken for granted.

The problem in its simplest form is that to win elections Labour needs money from the unions as organisations and the active participation of union members — and others — as individuals. But individuals are not encouraged to join, if they have no active role in the way the party takes its decisions.

The precarious balance between the different wings of the labour movement has meant in the past that the first test of any proposal for change has been narrow factional advantage. Ironically, it is the Left which has recently been more conservative in its approach to reform, defending institutions like the block vote which it once opposed. The current proposals to diminish the power of the block vote in comparison with the constituencies in the party were floated originally from within the unions rather than from the Left. Proposals such as that of one-member-one-vote for selection meetings are rejected by leftwingers, allegedly because of the damage that would be done to the trade union connection, but in reality because they accepted the Right's unproven assumption that ordinary members are natural rightwingers.

There is a problem about devising the best way to preserve the trade union connection in future, but the best way is surely to transmute the massive 'yes' votes that have been recorded by unions in the past year in favour of retaining their political funds into equally massive *individual* membership of the Labour Party.

The useful spin-off from the otherwise unedifying recent legal battles over the party's powers is a new willingness to examine the party's rules. The most immediate and welcome result is the proposal for a new disciplinary structure which would deal with genuine breaches of party rules, while avoiding partisan point scoring.

Similarly, proposals about the criteria for accepting affiliated socialist societies will be coming before the next Labour Party Conference, which may well provide a means of representation for

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Black sections, even if by another name. But these detailed changes shouldn't preclude a fundamental re-examination of the party's conglomerate and labyrinthine structure, which is custom-built for cabals and coups. The present complexity of committees is neither an efficient nor an accountable way to run a party. □

Simple answer needed to simple question

UNBEKNOWNST TO the general public there has been a new flurry of activity in the last two weeks in the long-running saga of the takeover of the House of Fraser, owners of Harrods.

Sir Eldon Griffiths MP, the policeman's friend, has for some reason (gratitude for his knighthood?) sprung to the defence of the reputation of the Prime Minister, Norman Tebbit and Mark Thatcher, which were tarnished in an article in the *Observer* on 18 May. He has written to the editor threatening to expose as lies his paper's claim that the trio interfered in order to prevent Lonrho getting Harrods and the rest, while oiling the wheels so that it went instead to two quasi-Egyptian brothers, who appear to have been fronting for the Sultan of Brunei. Now Messrs Sue, Grabbit & Runne have also written to the editor in a threatening manner to say that their new client His Holiness Shri Chandra Swamiji Maharaj did not, as alleged, act as a broker to any transaction involving Mark Thatcher, the Sultan or anyone else for a consideration of £2,000,000 or indeed any lesser sum.

The central facts of the whole episode are clear. They give rise to one essential question. First the facts. Lonrho, of Cayman Islands and 'the unacceptable face of capitalism' fame, bid for the House of Fraser. Norman Tebbit refered the bid to the Monopolies Commission. Its report was delayed three months. In the interval the two brothers Fayed, operating through merchant bankers Kleinwort Benson, bought up the group. Norman Tebbit decided not to refer their takeover to the Monopolies Commission.

The Department of Trade and Industry appears to have made only the sketchiest of enquiries as to whether the Fayeds were persons of substance and to have accepted without question Kleinwort's assertion. It seems reasonably clear that they were just front persons. The ease with which the Sultan of Brunei became the ultimate beneficial owner of Harrods and the rest in this way is strange and Norman Tebbit's apparent total lack of interest in the outcome even stranger. But Thatcherism is not overtly concerned by what happens on the wilder shores of capitalism. So what is all the fuss about?

Well, there is first the implication that the government eased through the Sultan's clandestine purchase as a sweetener to induce him to prop up the pound at a politically difficult moment by moving his billions back into London. But, more important, was young Mark in there trading on his personal account at the same time?

It is, of course, sad to see a great national newspaper like the *Observer* being used so transparently to further its owners' commercial ends: and sad also to see its editor reduced to writing the story himself at his proprietor's request and signing himself coyly 'Staff Reporter'. (To balance it the *Sunday Times* seems nobly to have taken up the Fayed cause.) Much dust has been kicked into the air to distract us in the meanwhile.

Which brings us to the question. Did Mark Thatcher, as alleged, fly to Brunei with Mohammed Fayed in his private plane at the height of the Harrods takeover battle, or did he not? Why no one in the House of Commons has been able to get a simple yes/no answer out of Mrs Thatcher or Norman Tebbit on this one remains a mystery. Until it is answered, malign persons may think that Mark T. is in the US to get him out of the way of awkward questions. □

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CITY OF LONDON TO HEAD NEXT RATE CAPPING LIST?

DRAWING UP a 'hit list' of councils to be rate-capped in 1987-88 is turning out a headache for the DoE — and if they don't watch it, the City of London will be one of them. CHRISTIAN WOLMAR reports

NORMALLY PUBLISHED in July, the rate-cap list will need some messy massaging if it isn't to include the City of London and exclude such favourite targets as Islington and Liverpool.

The problem is of the Department of the Environment (DoE's) own making. In the first two years of ratecapping, it used two indices to determine which councils should come under the axe: an assessment of the council's needs called GREAs (Grant Related Expenditure Assessments) and 'targets', a figure representing what the government thinks councils ought to spend, based on expenditure in previous years.

Targets were abolished by Kenneth Baker when he was Environment Secretary because they had a nasty tendency to ensnare parsimonious Tory authorities who had finally decided that buying a book or two for their libraries wasn't likely to cause a ratepayers' revolt. However, if GREA is used as the sole criterion, the new ratecapping list will be headed by the City because its spending this year is planned to exceed its GREA by no less than 191 per cent, because of its tiny population.

The criterian used for the past two years is spending of 20 per cent or more above GREA, and if this is repeated the following will be ratecapped: Basildon, Thamesdown, Greenwich, Camden, Lewisham, Haringey, Hackney, Tower Hamlets, Newcastle upon Tyne, Langbaurgh, Southwark and Brent. The newcomers are Thamesdown and Brent (both ratecapped in 1985-86 but not this year), Tower Hamlets and Langbaurgh.

Sheffield's clever treasurer managed to limit the council's spending to 19.98 per cent above GREA to get it off the list. More significantly, Islington and Liverpool excluded. To catch Liverpool, the number of ratecapped authorities would have to be increased from the current dozen to 31, a measure of central control that Kenneth Baker — but not his replacement Nicholas Ridley — would have found politically unpalatable.

An alternative would be for Ridley to attempt to justify a more selective list by including or excluding certain 'classes' of authorities. Such a course would lead to accusations of a government vendetta against the chosen authorities. ●

UPP

Lord Mayor Allan Davis — no invitation to Maggie at the next Banquet?

So where next for legal aid?

THIS FRIDAY Lord Hailsham as Lord Chancellor will be advised to go where Labour governments since 1945 have feared to tread: to set up a national legal advice service and take the running of legal aid out of the hands of the Law Society.

These recommendations are made by the Legal Aid Scrutiny team, a small group of officials drawn from Hailsham's department, the Treasury and the Cabinet Office Efficiency Unit, set up this January with the remit of urgently finding ways of saving money on a legal aid budget which the Lord Chancellor has frequently said is 'cascading out of control'.

The main proposal is that solicitors in private practice should no longer be paid out of the legal aid fund for giving preliminary advice and help in civil cases. Instead this work should be done by voluntary sector agencies employing salaried advisers, with and without legal qualifications, trained and paid for out of the money which the legal aid fund has saved.

To co-ordinate this new service with the existing legal aid scheme, the Scrutiny team suggests a new legal aid board.

Ole Hansen

Irish Press

D'Arcy taking the piss

D'Arcy protest swings on as now Ireland seizes gay mag

NOT SINCE the peripatetic scholars of ancient Greece, or of the Middle Ages, used to plonk a stool down in a public place and ask questions infuriating to the authorities has there been such fun as Galway playwright Margaretta D'Arcy's one-woman protest against the Irish arts establishment.

Excuse the Bardic style. The occasion demands it. Since we wrote a month ago (*NS* 9 May) about D'Arcy's daily 'sit-out' in the doorway of the Irish Arts Council's premises in Dublin she's continued to spend five days a week, during office hours, talking to passers-by about the shortcomings as she sees them of the Irish Arts Council's co-tenant in its building, the *Aosdana*, or 'Parliament of Artists'.

If Sir Peter Hall had squatted the steps of 105 Piccadilly during his row with the Arts Council of Great Britain it might have had much the same effect. Now D'Arcy's playwright husband John Arden writes to tell us that 'as many British faces as possible' will be welcome this 20 June for the last and climacteric day of her protest 'particularly as the Irish Arts Council derived so much of its ideology and policy-structure from its British counterpart'.

Since late '84 D'Arcy has been complaining of what she sees as the swift bureaucratisation of the *Aosdana*, set up only three years ago under the auspices of the Irish Arts Council. It makes government-funded grants of up to £5,000 a year to full-time creative artists who have to be over 30, and Irish or Irish-resident.

She herself has had a grant, but — against counter-accusations of being a solitary 'hothead' — thinks *Aosdana* antipathetic to working-class art and accuses the whole Irish arts establishment of anxiety to 'present the image of a mid-Atlantic culture'.

Fears that landlords of the Irish Arts Council building in Dublin would put a stop to her 'Speakers Corner of Merrion Square' with a court order haven't materialised. Every lunchtime she's now running a *'Circus Exposé of the New Cultural Church'* by inviting street theatre to a theme of 'freedom of speech' and 'freedom from censorship'.

All the more timely

Her case about unhappy similarities between British and Irish cultural attitudes has had an unexpected confirmation. The same statute (Customs Consolidation Act 1876) which British Customs has been relying on to intervene in imports of lesbian/gay writing from America has just been used by Irish Customs to stop British gay writing entering Ireland.

Well Read bookshop of Dublin has had a seizure notice dated 3 June in respect of five copies of the London-published *Gay Times* news-periodical. *Gay Times* was recently refused distribution in the UK until it changed its cover (*NS* 2 May), but Ireland is trying to seize the following edition. In 1977 and 1982 the Irish Censorship Board tried to prohibit the London-based fortnightly news-periodical *Gay News*.

Andrew Lumsden

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THE 'HIPPY' CONVOYS

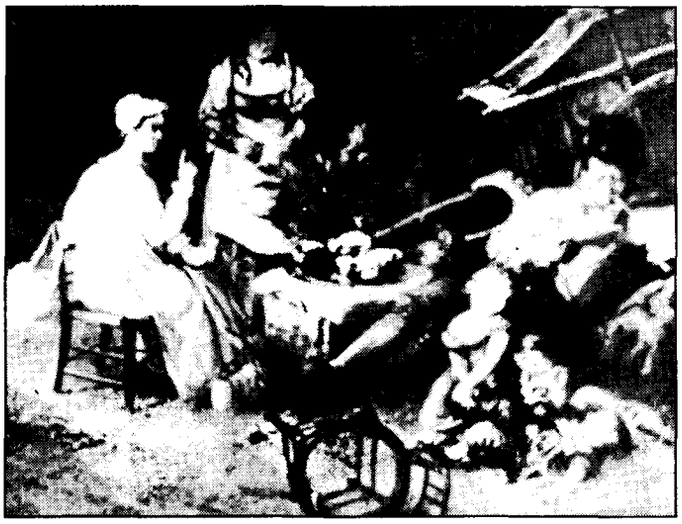
MEANWHILE, A COURT VICTORY FOR GYPSIES

AS HAMPSHIRE'S chief constable calmly showed there are laws enough to 'deal with' hippy convoys, TIM MALYON describes how gypsies have won a court victory on behalf of all 'travellers'

IN JULY 1985 a group of gypsies moved on to the Briton Ferry industrial estate at Neath. The owner, West Glamorgan county council, provides no sites for gypsies. Yet there's a legal 'duty' on all local authorities, under the 1968 Caravan Sites Act, 'so far as may be necessary to provide adequate accommodation for gypsies residing in or resorting to their areas.'

When West Glamorgan took out eviction proceedings, the gypsies contested them. The Appeal Court finally settled the case this 22 May. It ruled in the gypsies' favour, stating that 'the council was not entitled in law to seek possession of the land until such time as it made reasonable alternative provision for the accommodation of gypsies.' West Glamorgan will not be appealing the judgment.

It is a ruling which will provide welcome relief to the travellers. Ever since the 1960 Caravan Sites and Control of Development Act forced them to live on licensed sites, and the 1965 Commons Registration Act assigned ownership of common land on which they stayed to local authorities — who could then evict them under the 1960 Act — their way of life has been increasingly threatened.



To set against the hatred of nomads just expressed, shamefully, at Cabinet level — herewith Constable's friend C. R. Leslie's *Londoners Gypsying*, of 1820 (detail)

Despite the duty imposed on local authorities by the 1968 Caravans Act to provide adequate sites, provision has been woefully inadequate in many areas, and evictions from sites with no alternative pitches frequent. But as a result of this new ruling, local authorities who go to court for eviction orders against gypsies on their land will be under great pressure to show the courts that they are providing alternative sites for those travellers who 'reside in or resort to their area', before such orders are granted.

In principle, this legal victory for gypsies is a victory for all travellers 'new' and 'old-age'. The 1968 Act clearly states that '"gypsies" means persons of nomadic habit of life, whatever their race or origin' *viz* 'hippy' caravans. The introduction to the Act is equally categorical. It is 'an Act to . . . secure the establishment of sites by local authorities for the use of gypsies and other persons of nomadic habits.'

Stephen Sedley QC, an expert in travellers' law, believes the Caravans Act does cover 'new-age travellers'. 'Under the Act' he advises the *NS*, 'gypsy is not a tribal or racial definition. It is a concrete concept related to a person's way of life.' However, Home Secretary Douglas Hurd has publicly written 'new-age' travellers out of the Caravans Act, and the DoE, responsible in law for the Act, has stated that 'the whole problem is to be considered by the Home Office Working Party.' In the Shires, Hants County Councillor Bob Millard, chair of the Gypsy Sites Panel, has informed the *NS*, 'we as a county would resist providing sites for these people.'

Both Hampshire and Wiltshire are 'still studying the implications' of the recent Appeal Court decision. With crowds and carnivals expected in Salisbury this weekend for the start of a two-week agitation for a legal Stonehenge Festival, widespread disgust at Monday's 'de-commissioning' (a chilling de-humanisation of language) of over 100 caravan homes, and further land squats inevitable, their homework needs to be swift.

If council land is squatted, courts can now refuse or delay eviction orders, at least against named travellers — people of nomadic habit who have resorted to Stonehenge for twelve years and claim their right of transit. ●

PEACE ACTIVISTS

PAS DE JOIE IN PARIS...

IT WAS DIFFICULT to believe you were really in France, at last weekend's European Nuclear Disarmament (END) convention (5-8 June), held as it was among the concrete parks and *Quick* hamburger joints of Evry, '60s 'utopia' outside Paris.

But once inside there was no forgetting. The European peace movements had chosen France for their fifth annual get-together in the hope of breathing life into the stunted French movement. Instead, the sterility of the setting in collusion with a French political vacuum allowing little air for a peace movement produced a rather dispiriting event.

The French press harldy acknowledged it. French Customs detained three British representatives at Dieppe for over 12 hours and confiscated £1,000 of 'subversive' (ie peace movement) literature — one official was overheard telling another, 'go easy, I don't *think* the peace movement is illegal.' So the story goes. (Neither East Germans nor Soviets have confiscated comparable material on recent occasions).

Partly because CODENE, the umbrella organisation which tenuously holds together 20 or so French peace groups, had such difficulty organising a large international gathering (their call for Parisians to put up participants produced 20 beds) numbers were restricted far more tightly than in previous years.

The result was that the people who did go were, by and large, the national figures of the movement who are in danger of becoming a self-perpetuating elite. The lack of people — and particularly, women — from peace camps and local groups meant there was none of the creative tension which has proved painfully productive in the past.

Tahitian voices

France is now the only nuclear power other than the USA to test outside its own territory. Yet little prominence was given to the workshop on testing (the star ranking of a workshop being discerned by the number of interpreters assigned to it) which tackled the French 'globalist' political philosophy and heard first-hand from France's nuclear colony of Tahiti.

The Dutch are apparently putting pressure on the Socialist International to condemn the French Parti Socialiste (PS) over testing in the Pacific. It would only be the second time the International family has rounded on one of its kin — the first being the Israel Labour Party. The PS meanwhile shamelessly sent defence expert Jacques Hunzinger to defend his demand that Europe offer itself to the protection of the French nuclear umbrella. The German Social Democrats declined to send anyone — apparently for fear of harming their already fragile connection with the PS with disagreements over disarmament.

Audrey Wise made a strong bid at the end of the conference for the next convention to be held in Britain — more precisely in Sheffield, thus terrifying international delegates that the British Labour Party would want to dominate proceedings. But in fact there are strong pleas being made in Britain to throw the whole process of yearly conventions into a melting pot and come up with some fresh ideas. The original *raison d'etre* of stimulating links between the movements has been successful. The expensive and time-consuming event now needs rethinking.

Meanwhile, delegates from other European countries were muttering that the very act of organising a convention Britain would stir up old grievances between the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, European Nuclear Disarmament and the Bertrand Russell Foundation — grievances which have not always been strictly confined to genuine political differences.

Jane Dibblin

Donations for a fighting fund to challenge the French Customs action can be sent to END, 11 Goodwin St, London N4

...more in Lyons

A PROMISE that Labour will amend its insular 'poor relation' attitude to European socialism was offered last weekend (7-8 June) by David Blunkett, as Neil Kinnock's representative, at a conference outside Lyons intended to set up a 'European foundation for a socialism for today'.

Organised by the French review *Politique Aujourd'hui*, the concept is for a 'forum for discussion in the Left throughout Europe', envisaging, as a first step, a modern documentation centre. Some 80 politicians attended, including members of the German SPD and Italian Communist Party.

Donald Heinrich

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El Salvador's death squads defy European opinion

THIS TIME A YEAR AGO we thought one Salvadorean woman at least would be safe, thanks to Western European awareness of her, from the death squads in El Salvador. The terrible truth has emerged: even she acquired no immunity. JANE DIBBLIN reports

IN THE *New Statesman* on 19 April 1985 we wrote of Laura Pinto, whose husband was killed by El Salvador's 'security forces', on death squads. She was then touring Europe on behalf of El Salvador's 'Mothers of the Disappeared'. Two MEPs accompanied her back to El Salvador at the end of her visit in an attempt to guard her, by the certainty of publicity, against reprisals.

International attention does seem to have protected her for a while. But we now know that on 6 May this year she was arrested by three armed men in a white car without number plates. She was stripped and beaten, raped and tortured so badly she later needed surgery. Eventually her captors abandoned her.

On 29 May she was abducted and tortured again. In the meantime, 400 armed police surrounded the building where the Mother's Committee, COMADRES, has its headquarters with other human rights organisations. No-one was arrested at that point, but 12 people were later detained. Since then (10 June) an ad has appeared in the most liberal Salvadorean daily, *El Mundo*, calling for their safe release, signed by 20 British MP's and trade union and church leaders.

Why exactly the security forces have chosen this moment for their raids is a mystery, but the intention is clearly to discredit the country's human rights organisations. One of the detained women, Michele Salinas of human rights committee CDHES appeared at a press conference *while in custody* 'confessing' that not only Salvadorean human rights organisations, but also international bodies such as Oxfam and the Kennedy Foundation, are in league with left-wing guerrillas. ●

Pam Isherwood/Format

Laura Pinto (l) and Carmen Campos (r) photographed in London last year

Heavy lorries lobby gears up for 44 tonnes

THE ROAD LOBBY is to make a fresh attempt to raise the maximum weight of heavy lorries after the next general election. The maximum was last raised in 1983 — from 32.5 tonnes to 38 tonnes — after 15 years controversy.

The decision was taken, we learn, behind closed doors this April at a board meeting of the Road Haulage Association (RHA) which represents many major purveyors of juggernauts. Minutes show that the RHA threw out proposals to leave the maximum weight as it is, or to launch an immediate campaign for heavier lorries, and opted instead to 'maintain a low profile on the issue until after the general election, but supporting in principle an increase to 40 tonnes. A vigorous campaign to be mounted after the general election.'

The minutes, leaked to the rival public transport pressure group Transport 2000, show that the RHA eventually wants the maximum weight raised to 44 tonnes. The RHA has a long tradition of close links with the Conservative Party. Together with Aims of Industry it campaigned against Labour's 1967 Bill designed to restrict juggernauts.

The call for heavier lorries will be approved with minor differences of detail by the other main juggernauts support group, the Freight Transport Association, but is certain to provoke widespread public opposition. RHA met the new transport secretary, John Moore, on 1 May to prepare the ground for its campaign.

The maximum weight of other classes of lorries is also likely to be increased soon. The government has asked the RHA and the Freight Transport Association to test industry opinion about raising the maximum weight for rigid, as distinct from articulated, vehicles from 30 to 32 tonnes.

Mick Hamer

MISCELLANY

As anti-brandy-Andy preaches morality to the nation's youth, heaven save us all

Mean spirits

Local magistrates in Chorley, Lancs, demonstrate the Two Nations approach to celebrating his upcoming splice to Fergie. Pubs in

Whittle-le-Woods have been granted an extension for The Day (23 July). But Beechtree Schools Spastics Society has been refused an extension on the date of its fund-raiser to send physically handicapped children on special holidays.

Sweetness reigns

And Andy's latest fan, Mary Whitehouse — 'It's a great message from such a tough, straightforward young man' — has sent, or at any rate her National Viewers & Listeners Association has sent, for the 23 May issue of the London weekly Capital Gay, *which showed undressed persons as part of a "safer sex" Aids-campaign article.*

Lucia to the Abbey

But Andy has already had his come-uppance: Nancy Reagan. If there's anyone in Britain who didn't collapse laughing when they read the bland 4 June announcement that the First Hostess is to come on The Day as a 'friend of the family', we haven't met them. Fans of E. F. Benson's *Lucia* novels (just re-run on TV as *Mapp and Lucia*) will have recognised in Nancy the anguish of a Social Leader about to miss the Party of The Year. *Reconstruction:* Ronnie rang Maggie who rang the Q, who stood over Andy who wept as he chewed the end of his pencil and indited the famous 'hand-written' invite to the 'family friend'.

Cup overflowing

Students of the 'Taki' case — socialite Rosemarie Marcie-Riviere is in the High Court accusing him of libelling her in his column in the Spectator *— will be interested in a review of Simon Winchester's book* The Sun Never Sets *published in the* International Herald Tribune *on 29 May. A certain Christopher Buckley wrote that 'between the wars' D. H. Lawrence, Graham Greene, Evelyn Waugh and W. H. Auden 'fled gloomy and repressive England in search of the sun, fresh oranges and catamites'. 'Taki' is saying that a catamite (he referred to Marcie-Riviere's fifth husband as one in the contentious article) is a cupbearer, a server of drinks, after Zeus' cupbearer Ganymede, from which via the Latin,* catamite. *He must have a point. Could Lawrence, Greene, and Waugh have been interested in any other meaning of catamite than 'wine-waiter'?*

Dementia hackox

Reverting to the royals, and in this instance to Andy's lately deceased great-aunt, the same absorbing issue of the *International Herald Tribune* re-opened the great question of the 20th century: was the Duchess of Windsor sane? And if so, until what age? Compare *Private Eye* 30 May: '. . . in 1972 Wallis was already in an advanced state of arteriosclerosis [and] talked such gibberish that even close friends had to be kept at a safe distance from her'. And William Safire, of the *New York Times*, quoted in the *IHT* the day before, 29 May: 'In the mid-1970s, at a party in Paris, I discovered that my dinner partner was the Duchess of Windsor. She was an excellent conversationalist and quickly put me at ease'. Who's a liar? *Private Eye* or William Safire?

Nice one, Kings

What everyone wants to know, of course, as universities all over the place fear closure, is: how much is King's College, Cambridge, heir to the estate of E. M. Forster, making out of the spate of movies based on his novels? We assumed crates of the finest claret have been heaping up in the chapel and disturbing the acoustics (may no-more-cakes-and-ale Andy forgive the thought). But the usual disclaimers are pouring out of the college: 'Passage to India royalties are shared 50/50 with adapter Santha Rama Rau . . . Room With a View is 100 per cent King's, but no idea what percentage of profits is involved . . . no money yet received from either pic . . . oh, these vulgar questions!' (Earlier quotes genuine, last one assumed.)

Reptile

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SCRUTINY

WITH SUPPORTERS LIKE THESE . . .

THE SECOND batch of Liverpool interviewees is up before Labour's National Executive this week. They are pleading the support of the workers of Liverpool, while deputy council leader Derek Hatton is pleading pressure of council business. IAN WILLIAMS scrutinises the breadth of that support and the nature of that business

COUNCIL workers in hostels for the homeless in Liverpool have been in dispute for some months. NUPE and NALGO shop stewards estimate that the council has spent some £500,000 boarding homeless families out in bed-and-breakfasts and Salvation Army hostels.

But in the two council-run hostels still open, the council tried to bring in part-time staff from the Education Department to replace the full-time cooks. When the cooks went on working, the council stopped their pay and sequestrated all food supplies in the hostels.

The Jewel in the Crown, the council's housing policy, revealed another flawed facet last week, when the city solicitor conceded defeat in a test case brought by housing co-op members.

Building socialism

Although Liverpool's Labour council has indeed been building 'more council houses than any other council in the country', as Militant members with more recent instructions from the Central Committee are boasting (not 'more than the rest of the country put together'), this has been achieved by an obsession with municipal housing to the exclusion of all other forms of tenure, such as Liverpool's successful housing co-ops.

When the council took over the co-ops, it promised that co-op members would keep their own homes. But then it applied council waiting list criteria to housing co-op members waiting to move into homes they'd helped design. Last week the co-ops won their case against 'disallocation'.

They attribute their success to the letter which Tony Byrne, chair of finance, wrote late on polling day last month, granting tenancies to two disallocated co-op members. The Labour candidate in marginal Dingle ward rushed with it to Dingle Mount Co-op, but it was too late. He lost by 31 votes.

As for culture, Willy Russell's play *One for the Road*, starting at the Playhouse Theatre this week, could refer to the witches' coven on trial in Labour's London HQ, or to the theatre itself. The council's failure to take over abolished Merseyside County's financing of theatres and arts has jeopardised the money which neighbouring councils will only put up if Liverpool will, which in turn threatens the promised matching funds from the Arts Council. ●

UPP

Alan Sugar was asked in 1980, when Amstrad was floated on the stock market and valued at £8 million, what he spent his money on. 'Oh, clothes', he said, 'without the slightest interest'. 'Clothes and gadgets and trinkets and toys, video cameras, calculators that sing song, spelling machines for the kids. The point is, I've got to the top of the greasy pole and all I can do is forge ahead — it's in my nature.'

Politics of envy

Sugaring the pill

THE BOOM in the value of shares on the Stock Exchange, which rose by a fifth in nine weeks from January to March, is over and the cash registers are ringing.

Sir Owen Green, chief executive of BTR, the conglomerate which took over Dunlop, made a profit of £531,900 on 30 April when he took up 'options' to buy 145,000BTR shares at 105p and 112p and sold them again at 474p.

And two directors of Salisburys leather bags retailer Combined English have cashed in some of their share options. Deputy chief exec David Roxburgh made a profit of £350,100 and fellow director Edward Haygarth cleared £292,500.

Imperial chief Geoffrey Kent was due to retire next year at 65, so he doesn't mind losing a long and expensive takeover battle to Hanson. Oh, and he collects about £1 million on his share options when the takeover is finalised.

But biggest chip-casher for many years is Alan Sugar, who on 20 May sold 5 million shares in his pile-it-high-and-sell-it-cheap computers and hi-fi company, Amstrad (Alan Michael Sugar Trading) at £5.20 a share. Although this raised £26 million, it was just a tenth of his stake in the company. He still owns 46 per cent of the shares, now worth £300m.

Our financial advisers speculate that he owns the shares through a trust in Guernsey and hence postpones paying nearly £7.8 million Capital Gains Tax at 30 per cent. He may never pay the tax bill, if he later ceases to be resident and 'ordinarily resident' in the UK. Expect him to retire to his second home in Florida.

John Rentoul

The Tories' Little Whimper

EVEN A TORY government has had to do something about the City. Public outrage at City fraud, the failure to prosecute (let alone convict) those who have got away with millions and the excesses and abuses of each new bout of merger mania mean the City can no longer be left to its own cosy devices.

The bad news for investors is the 'Big Bang', when the Stock Exchange finally abandons its restrictive practices. Huge US and Japanese conglomerates are coming to town, unlikely to pay attention to anything but the clearest and most resolutely enforced rules. And technological change has made London just one part of a 24-hour global capital market.

But it's bad news for the City as well. London faces intense competition from other capital markets — not least in the matter of protecting investors — and all the signs are that our financial service industry is no better prepared to meet the onslaught of foreign competition than British manufacturing industry was 15 years ago.

The government's response to this challenge has been the Financial Services Bill. The day-to-day supervision of investment will be the responsibility of what the Bill calls 'self-regulating organisations'. Let's leave aside the oddity that the one self-regulating organisation whose regulatory failures have given rise to the most spectacular scandals — Lloyd's insurance market — is excluded from the Bill. Only one self-regulating organisation — the Stock Exchange — has the resources and the experience to tackle the task with some degree of competence.

Despite the lessons from other countries, the government has obstinately refused to contemplate a body with real powers to enforce the law. The Securities and Investments Board which will fill that City watchdog role is a private company which wasn't even mentioned in the Bill when it first appeared.

The House of Commons has strengthened the powers of the SIB by forcing a number of changes on the government. But powerful City players are unlikely to take seriously what is patently another muddled British compromise. The next Labour government will have to make it clear to those who mean business in the City that we mean business too.

Bryan Gould MP

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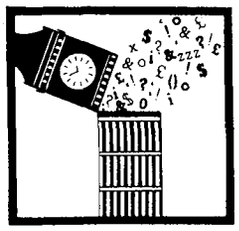

How sewers, videos and higher taxes can end unemployment

The story so far: a recently published book by Barrie Sherman, a stout socialist and former ASTMS research director, concludes that modern technology is likely to lead to permanent mass unemployment — or, to put it more positively, to the chance for us all to enjoy greater leisure. His predictions will require dramatic changes in our economic, employment, education and welfare policies. Is he right or wrong? Now read on . . .*

IN PAST ECONOMIC upheavals that have flowed from technical innovation, two things have happened. Old jobs have been lost, as machines have replaced people, and new jobs have been created, as new products and services have been introduced. One hundred and fifty years ago jobs on the land were replaced by jobs in factories; in this century, the arrival of electricity hammered candlestick makers, but provided plenty of employment in everything from light bulbs to television sets.

Sherman's thesis is that this time it will be different. Modern technology will destroy far more jobs than it creates. He may be right. One of the characteristics of electronics is that most of its products are small in relation to their value — whether we are dealing with the brains of any modern electronic system, the integrated circuit, or the computers, robots and other products that the chips are used in.

Because they are small, their transport costs are low. So manufacturers will make them wherever costs are lowest. Europe could well lose jobs because it cannot compete with the Far East. This is, however, a different argument from the one Sherman advances: it concerns not the absolute effects of modern electronics on jobs, but its relative effects on different parts of the world. If Britain and other European countries had the ambition, the investment culture, the cost structures and the capacity to work in harmony, there is no reason in principle why Europe should continue to be just a bit-player in the chip world.

The Europe-wide aspect of Britain's problem is crucial. It is analysed by Ian Mackintosh, one of Britain's most penetrating electronics consultants, in a book to be published early next month**. Mackintosh's argument is roughly that of Keynesianism-in-one-industry. Europe's weakness in high-tech electronics, he writes, stems from a lack of demand from the industrial users of the latest technology. The decline in European electronics employment has been caused only partly by the rapid productivity gains caused by new technology. As significant has been the failure of many European consumer and electronics companies to adapt. Today, employment would be even lower were it not for Japanese companies being bullied and cajoled into setting up production lines in Europe.

All this, though, concerns merely the foothills of the problem. Mackintosh argues that Europe's best — possibly only — chance to catch up is to embark on an ambitious continent-wide information technology programme. No one country, he says, is big enough to do much on its own, but Europe is. He proposes that the whole continent should be wired up, linked by a vast 'Eurogrid', so that every home, office and factory can be connected to what will become an electronic information-oriented society.

Mackintosh estimates that across Europe as a whole 7 million jobs could be created. His calculation is too complex to summarise adequately here; and in the nature of these

PETER KELLNER

exercises the figures could vary either way. But the central points are surely right: that the potential for extra jobs is there; that it has to be planned, for such an ambitious venture cannot conceivably be left to market forces; and that it has to be planned on a Europe-wide scale.

THAT IS THE FORESEEABLE part of how we could use technology to create jobs. The less foreseeable part concerns the goods and services not yet invented. Who, in the 1950s, would have predicted — let alone put numbers to — the job opportunities made available by the manufacture of digital watches, video recorders, home computers or cellular telephone systems?

Even so, it is well to be cautious. Let us suppose that, despite Eurogrid and presently undreamed-of inventions, technology does destroy more jobs than it creates. Is it still right to be gloomy about umemployment?

In attempting to answer this question, economists are apt to be too clever by half and to ignore fundamentals. If we lived, or had any prospect of living, in a society where everyone was adequately housed, clothed and fed, where high-rise blocks had all been replaced by sturdy, friendly and condensation-free low-rise homes, where all sewers were in pristine condition and motorways had no need of contraflow systems, if there were no hospital waiting lists or oversized school classes, if no litter were visible from the M4 on the way to Heathrow — then, yes, we could stop talking about rising unemployment and start talking instead about increased leisure.

But that is so obviously not the case that there is something fundamentally wrong-headed about accepting the inevitability of mass unemployment into the next century. There is work to be done and there are people available to do it — and for the next few decades that equation is unlikely to change.

The task for the Left and its economists is not to indulge in a sophisticated hand-wringing exercise, but to work out ways of putting the necessary jobs the way of the available workers. Failure to do this would be the fault not of robots or integrated circuits: it would be the fault of our political system.

Two clear problems stand out. The first concerns structural unemployment: people who are out of work because they lack the skills needed to provide the goods and services that the economy demands. In the short run this ought not to be too difficult. Unemployed construction workers, for example, could be paid to embark on any number of necessary infrastructure projects.

In the longer run, however, skill shortages and other bottlenecks will need to be tackled. Almost every aspect of social policy is involved: education, training, health and housing. If some of the most acute labour shortages appear in the Southeast, and many of the unemployed workers are in the North, either the homes, schools and hospitals must be provided where the work is, or the work must move to where the people are. Either way, the people themselves will need the chance to equip themselves with the skills they can use.

It is a giant undertaking: the problem is easy to state but horrendous to solve. Yet the political parties, with their horizons fixed by the electoral calendar, seem unable even to address it.

The second problem is even tougher. Many of the most glaring unmet needs are, and will continue to be, in the public sector. Fifty years ago it was possible to advocate massive public works as a way of rescuing Britain from recession; but then taxation affected far fewer people and the government controlled much less of the economy. Today some extra public spending could be paid for out of borrowing. But over, say, 20 years it is difficult to imagine a fair, civilised and full-employment society functioning without an increase in taxation — unless some other way can be found to finance collective services.

Such a prognosis may carry little appeal at a time when Labour's contingent task is to unseat Mrs Thatcher. But at some point the party will have to face up to the difficulties of providing work for all. The sooner the better. □

* *Working at Leisure*, published by Methuen, £5.95.
** *Sunrise Europe: The Dynamics of Information Technology*, to be published by Blackwell on 3 July, £15.

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LABOUR SCRATCHES AROUND FOR NEW LIFE

The shipyards are sunk, the railway workshops are at the end of the line and the coal industry's the pits. The government wanted to flog Leyland and Westland to the Americans. What's Labour going to do about Britain's former staple industries? HILARY WAINWRIGHT, former economic advisor to the GLC, cornered JOHN SMITH, rising star of the Opposition front bench and shadow Trade and Industry minister

HW: ALL LABOUR's radical industrial policies in the past have been subverted by the Treasury and the City. The pressures will get worse with deregulation of the City. How will you protect industrial and employment policy from sterling crises and the dominance of the Treasury?

JS: You need a powerful Industry Department. That's the first thing.

HW: How do you make it powerful?

JS: It's partly got to do with personalities. At the end of the day it's got to do with the calibre and strength of the Ministers. Though the Treasury does seem to have inbuilt survival capabilities.

HW: George Brown was a powerful personality but that didn't protect his industrial policy. How will you respond to a sterling crisis?

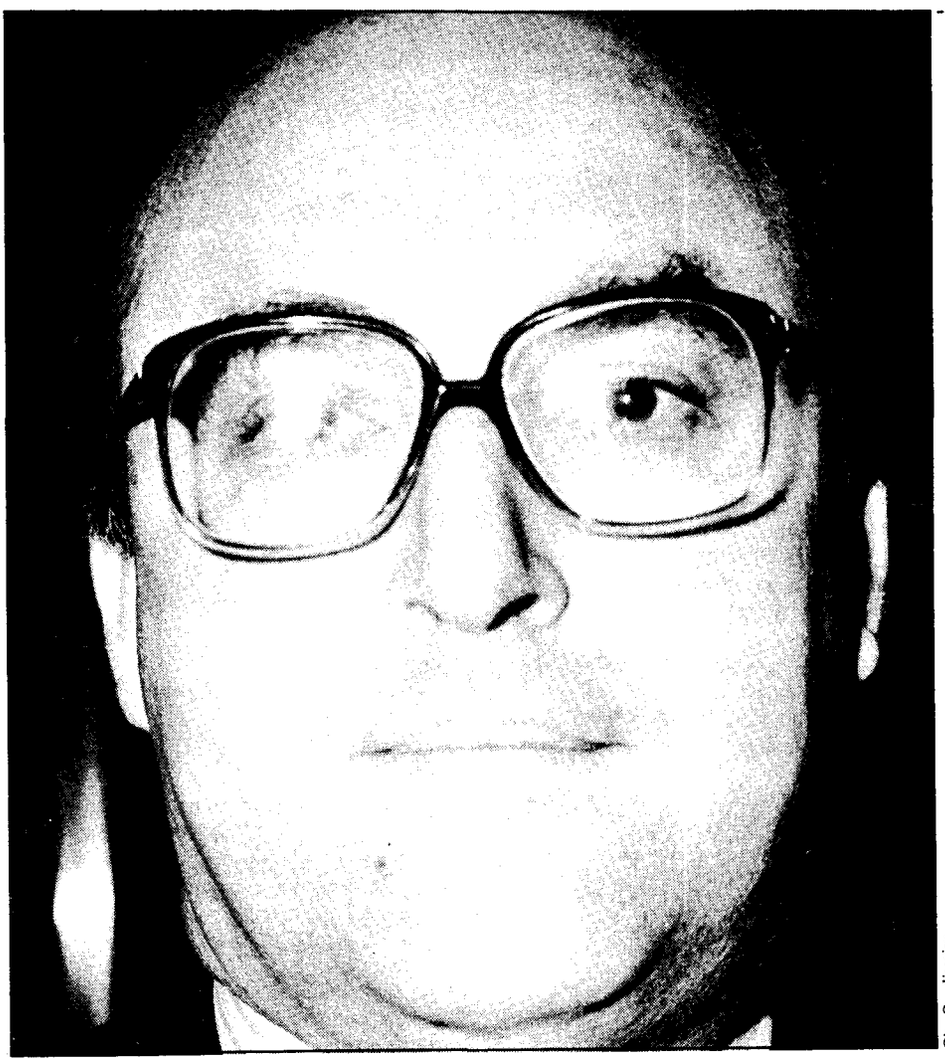
JS: You need to ask Roy [Hattersley] some of this. We are all very concerned not to repeat the pattern of previous Labour governments where they are sailing on and then bang, they're into a sort of IMF situation.

HW: How do you intend to avoid this?

JS: We must conduct policies which are not going to lead us into that situation. There's a tendency for Labour government to burst through a radical gauge. I think we have to be more cautious.

HW: But already even at the prospect of a Labour government, the stock market is getting twitchy.

JS: Yes. The City is slightly cuckoo; we can't do much about that. Though we have thought of some things. Instead of physical exchange controls we are proposing a taxation scheme to repatriate funds: tax privileges will be withdrawn if money is not brought back here. I think that will achieve the same purpose without running into brick walls.



City Syndication

John Smith: planning on intelligent people, a good society and a cuckoo City

HW: Won't its impact be long term, rather than dealing with the rapid movement of funds associated with runs on the pound ?

JS: I don't think we'll necessarily face those. But this is really more of a Treasury problem.

HW: In what ways do you think a Labour government *can* change the City, in line with your industrial and employment goals?

JS: The problem with the City is that it has no tradition of industrial banking. It is very, very important that we start that tradition. Our efforts in that direction are the National Investment Bank which I think is a very radical socialist proposal.

HW: What makes it socialist?

JS: It will be state run, part of the public sector.

HW: I'd like to move on to how you intend to use this and any other investment money under public control, but first a question about your expectations if you form a government after the next election, to what level do you expect to bring down unemployment by the

Hugh Rawlings and Chris Willmore

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end of your first term?
JS: We've only fixed one ambition so far. That is to bring unemployment down by one million in the first two years.
HW: Do you think then that you will take two terms to eliminate unemployment?
JS: I fear so.
HW: Could you summarise the main instruments of this industrial policy?
JS: First we've got to have a proper system of planning. The planning mechanism will be much stronger than NEDO, though in principle it will be similar. It will be tripartite and work to achieve a consensus. The Department of Trade and Industry will be the major instrument. It will have task forces to tackle the most deep seated problems — including company rescues. Then the British Enterprise Board will provide a mechanism whereby the government is not dependent on the private sector for action. It will be able to set up new wholly owned companies or go into partnership with private sector companies. Finally, but ever important, the National Investment Bank will provide a state owned bank investing money from the financial institutions in industry.
HW: What size of budget are you thinking of for the DTI, the BEB and the NIB?
JS: They would be large, but we haven't started the number crunching yet. That will involve looking at what other policy areas are asking for.
HW: Can't you give some idea?
JS: I'm cautious of writing down bits of money. They get added up by the Conservatives. It's ludicrous; they're running round at the moment saying that we will spend £24 billion in one year.
HW: In order to discuss the investment criteria with which you will invest some of this money, could you first explain what is meant by the slogan that the Labour Party is the 'party of production'?
JS: It's to make the point that we're not just a party that says we have a better social view and we will redistribute more fairly, through taxation — though we will do that, we could cease to be a socialist party if we lost that objective — but we are also the party that can produce the efficient economy, and can be trusted with the task of rebuilding it.
HW: Should social consideration enter into strategies for production?
JS: Oh yes I think they can. But we're trying to correct a mis-conception that exists in the public mind and will be fostered by our opponents. Remember that before we get any of this done we've got to win this damned election. You'll forgive us being obsessed with winning it, but it means we've got to conduct ourselves in a way which assists the winning process.
HW: Just to press you on the choices to be made in strategies for production. How far is the Japanese economy a model?
JS: I am interested in it because it is a success. But some of its social characteristics are unappealing. I don't think there is necessarily a clash between this commercial success and good employment policies, defences against low pay, opportunities for women, and industrial democracy.
HW: Will you take into account the social cost of *not* investing in a company?
JS: Of course, very much so. We would also take into account the employment that will be provided, or the fact the industry needed to be modernised.
HW: So in various ways you intend to build social considerations into your plans for production. Won't the investment criteria of the National Investment Bank have to be very different from those of the financial institutions you hope to get to invest in it?
JS: Yes, I think this is difficult. You've got tactical choices to make. In order to keep the thing going you've got to go along with existing criteria and then you start to edge it along. I'd be worried if the National Investment Bank started to do things so differently at the beginning that it unsettled the whole thing.
HW: Unsettled the City, you mean?
JS: Yes, I think there's got to be a certain gradualism about this. We're not going for punch ups with the City, but we'll be quietly insistent.
HW: They might go for punch ups with you.
JS: Yes, but then they will have started them.
HW: How will you deal with them?
JS: As best we can.
HW: To go on from the City to some of the likely industrial obstacles in the way of your policy. The most obvious and the most powerful will be the multinational corporations. These crafty giants could upset the best laid plans of any number of Sector Working Parties. How will you deal with them?
JS: We're busy talking about this now. And we're scratching about looking for methods of control and influence. An obvious one is public sector procurement policy. We could withdraw public orders or stop government assistance if they disregarded our industrial plans.
HW: Isn't one of your strongest cards control over the much desired British market? Would you be prepared to threaten to close access to this market?
JS: It would be pretty well impossible to do this. That's on the assumption we're in the EEC, because there's no realistic prospect of us coming out.
HW: Next I want to ask whether 'tripartism' can really be effective from Labour's point of view, especially at a time of economic recession and rationalisation. Take the most elementary issue for a planning process: information. Companies will be pretty cagey if the unions and other companies are present. Can you get them genuinely to open up with the information that matters?
JS: You've got to proceed with common sense. I understand that they won't want to give out information that could be useful to a competitor. You've got build up a culture of confidence and trust.
HW: What about information they don't want to give to the trade unions, about profits and future employment plans?.
JS: It is ridiculous for companies to play games with their employees. And we don't want them playing games with the government. I think they are very foolish the companies that do it.

continued on p.14

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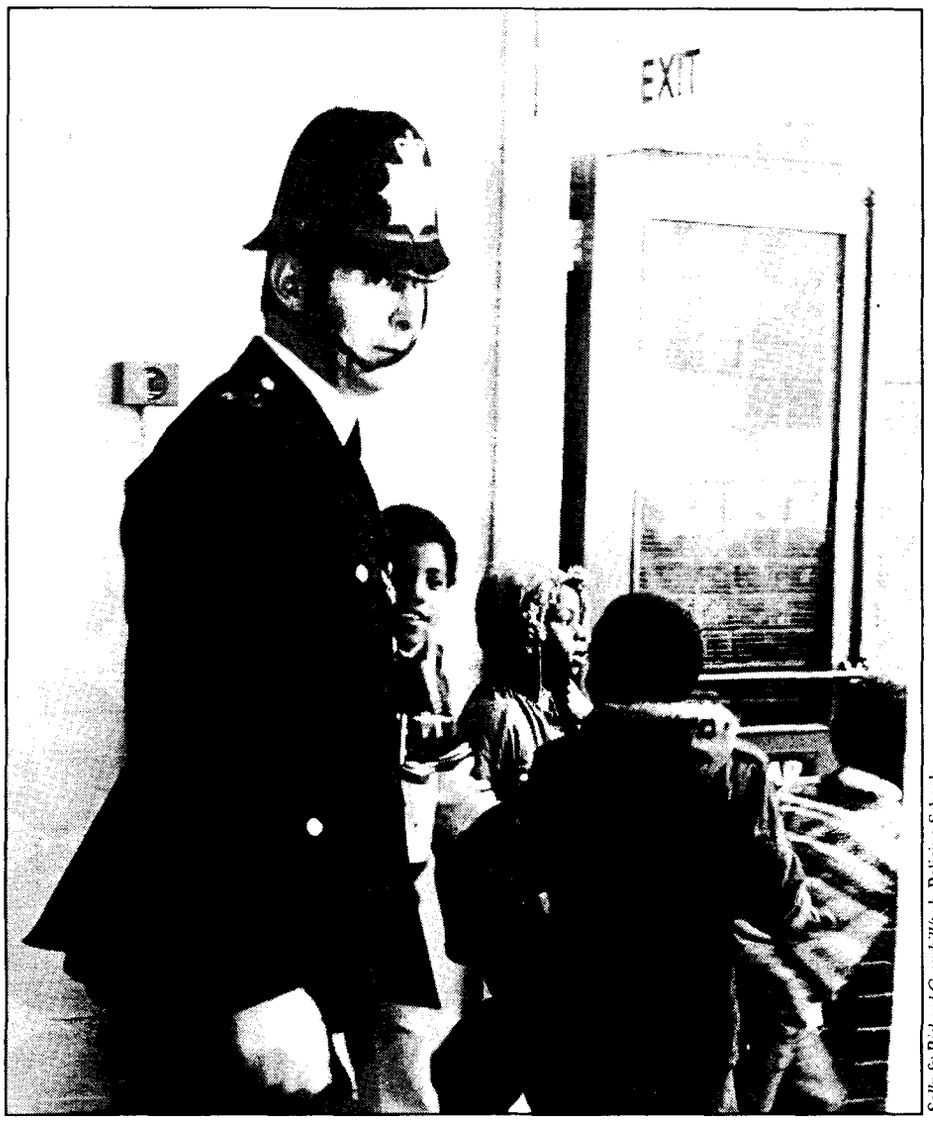

Sally & Richard Greenhill/pub. Policing Schools

TELLING TALES IN SCHOOL

The police are pushing to get into schools — the unions and government back them. JOHN WRIGHT looks at what they want

LAST WEEK THE government slipped a couple of unexpected amendments into its Education Bill. The first makes school governors bound to pay regard to the views of Chief Officers of Police when making decisions about a school's curriculum. The second binds head teachers to pay regard to the same Chief Officers' views when organising for the delivery of the curriculum.

It is only three weeks since a leader in this magazine warned of the increasing influence of the Chief Officers' club — the Association of Chief Police Officers (ACPO) — over policing in Britain. The ACPO, extra-constitutional and unaccountable, makes the policy for the Home Office to rubber stamp. And this — policing policy being made by the police themselves — was offered as a defining characteristic of the police state. Last week's amendments to the Education Bill prompt an additional definition. You also have a police state if the police are able to exercise, for their own purposes, control over other major institutions in society — in this case, the education service.

Perhaps now is the time to take a closer look at what the 'police in schools' issue is all about?

THE BACKGROUND IS a tale of two campaigns, conducted in parallel over the last seven or eight years, but with little direct contact between the two. The first is the campaign to get the police into schools. The second, the campaign to keep them out.

The campaign to keep the police out of schools began in North London as a direct response to the murder by police of a Hackney teacher.

Blair Peach was on an anti-racist demonstration in Southall, in 1979, when members of the Metropolitan Police Special Patrol Group pursued him into a side street and killed him with a blow to the head. Blair's union — the Hackney branch of the National Union of Teachers — voted to withdraw co-operation from the local force. Invitations for the police to come and give talks to children in Hackney schools more or less dried up.

As the years of inquest and inquiry into Blair Peach's death wore on and it became increasingly obvious that the guilty men were to be neither named nor punished, attitudes hardened. Hackney NUT worked at getting the non-co-operation policy adopted by Inner London Teachers Association (which represents all inner London NUT branches), and set up a working party to consider the broader educational questions raised by police presence in schools, particularly with reference to the acknowledged high levels of racism in the Met. The working party's report, *Police Out of Schools*, is carefully argued, stating explicitly that Hackney NUT 'is not opposed to police as such — it is opposed to the type of police force that is steadily emerging.'

So, what type of police force is 'steadily emerging'? Conveniently, an account of the origin of the campaign to get the police *into* schools goes some way towards providing an answer to this question.

In December 1978, a few months before the murder of Blair Peach, the Home Office, the Department of Health and Social Security and the Department of Education and Science issued a joint circular. It was called 'Juveniles: Co-operation between the Police and other agencies'. It was sent to Chief Police Officers, Directors of Social Services Departments and Chief Education Officers. The circular urged 'The prevention of juvenile delinquency is not the prerogative of any single agency', therefore 'co-operation between agencies is essential.' Fine at first sight, for it suggests that crime is a product of diverse factors demanding remedial action from the agencies invited to co-operate in the new strategy.

That co-operation was never invited. For of those agencies receiving the circular, only the Chief Officers of Police were asked to make a written response. And of the three government departments responsible for issuing the circular, only the Home Ofice was to receive responses. The Home Office subsequently selected examples of good police/school co-operation out of these responses and re-circulated them, but (yes, you've got the idea) only to Chief Police Officers.

We have here a case study which throws into clear relief the reality of what is termed 'multi-agency policing'. It is a strategy whereby the police first soften up other agencies with their 'lets's work together to beat crime' rhetoric — and then proceed to use those other agencies for their own, entirely policing, purposes.

But for what policing purposes do the police want to use the education service and our schools? Is it to teach children road safety? To teach children to trust the police? To teach respect for law and order?

Consider these examples of 'good practice in liaison' which were circulated around Chief

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Officers of Police by the Home Office:

- The Cleveland Constabulary are now engaged with the Director of Computer Services for the County Council, the County Education Officer and the Director of Social Services in the development of a social profile computer programme designed to identify problem areas within the county. Similar ventures have been undertaken in Durham and the Mansfield police division of Nottinghamshire . . .

- In Surrey, a number of secondary schools have established multi-disciplinary care-committees to meet together at regular intervals to discuss children with problems and facilitate any necessary action. The Surrey police hope to facilitate any necessary action . . .

- In Cheshire, with the agreement of the various agencies concerned, the police Juvenile Department have sought the help of heads of certain schools in identifying first to third year truants. Those identified are visited at home by police officers . . .

THIS IS A CLEAR, not to say up-front, acknowledgement that police/school liaison is, in the main, an intelligence gathering exercise on the part of the police. Yet there is enormous reluctance on the part of the teaching profession to accept this.

Michael Marland, head of North Westminster Community School, told an audience of the Howard League for Penal Reform that the idea that police visitors to school were basically snooping smacked of paranoia.

And the head of an infants' school in an outer London Borough also said she found the notion hard to swallow, despite the fact that she complained that the police officers who visited her school were a bit of a nuisance because they wouldn't go into classrooms. 'All they seem to want to do is hang around the staffroom drinking tea and chatting to the teachers; or sit in my office chatting to me.'

Further up the educational hierarchy there is less naivety. So, in the 1983 report from Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools on police liaison with the education service, very clear signals are given that the purpose of the exercise is to establish relations between police officers and teachers which can ease the flow of information from school to the police.

> Police forces generally attach considerable importance to the advantages to be gained through *unofficial contact* with schools. Home-beat officers 'drop-in' at school during break for a chat with pupils or teachers . . . Most schools welcome and encourage this *informal contact* and may ask home-beat officers or juvenile bureau officers to have an unofficial 'word' with pupils, or their parents, about whom they feel anxious in relation to criminal activity (*My italics*).

There is a lot more in this vein, and no attempt to disguise what police/school liaison is about. But just try to get anyone in the so-called mainstream of education to read this HMI report carefully, or consider its implications.

The Advisory Committee on Police in Schools, a London based group consisting of teachers, parents, advice centre workers and solicitors came together in 1984 in order to attempt to counter this trend. Their report, *Policing Schools**, was published last month.

One of the cases discussed in the ACPS report is that of Rodney Christopher, a 17-year old who, after being picked up by the police for a crime he didn't commit, found himself facing a station sergeant across a desk on which lay his school photograph. The school denied having passed this on to the police, but no one was able to explain how it had found its way to the police station. The latest understanding is that the police approached another student at the school and asked him to obtain the photograph. And it seems that someone in the school did indeed hand the photograph over to the student, who in turn passed it on to the police.

Now this is all very mysterious, and neither the police nor the education authority will explain the mechanics of the information exchange. It is, however, an eloquent testimony to an informal and efficient system in which no one is accountable.

Perhaps this is music to the ears of the Association of Chief Police Officers. For ACPO has been playing an increasingly prominent role in the campaign to establish a police presence in schools.

In the last two months, for example, the DES has sent out to every school in England and Wales a copy of a booklet which encourages police/school liaison. The booklet was written by ACPO together with the Society of Education Officers. That's free propaganda for the police into schools campaign sent to almost 34,000 schools, at public expense.

Just last month the largest teachers' union, the NUT, published guidelines for police/school liaison. They were drawn up in consultation with ACPO. Three weeks later every single other teachers' union adopted the NUT/ACPO guidelines.

HOW ABOUT THE campaign to keep the police out of our schools? Well, in a debate in the House of Lords earlier this year, Baroness Cox tried to shock her noble friends by reading out the list of names of schools which have announced that they will not invite police officers in to teach children. It amounted to 22 schools. They were all in London. 18 were in Hackney. Blair is still remembered.

It's a frightening note to finish on, but it really does seem as if the education service outside Hackney has simply rolled over onto its back to have its tummy rubbed by ACPO. Perhaps this is a consequence of too many teachers never having been entirely clear in their own minds of the difference between their role and that of police officers. (Newly elected parent governors can, at least, get hold of *Policing Schools* and make sure that information and arguments are fully debated by other governors.)

As for individual parents, from now on you'll just have to remember that when you go to open-days, anything you say to the teachers may quite literally be noted (if not taken down) and passed on to the police — in a most friendly, relaxed and informal way. □

*Policing Schools *is available from ACPS, Box 447, London E2 9PS, price £2.*

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John Smith interview

continued from p.11

HW: Nevertheless they do do it. Certainly we found this was often the experience of the Enterprise Board (GLEB) in London. Would you support trade union pressure on the company?

JS: I hope that if a company deliberately disavows the ideas, and refuses to be part of the planning process, that the workforce will put pressure on the company and say 'well that's all very well for you, our lives are here, why are you missing opportunities?'. That kind of pressure would be very important.

HW: Including industrial pressure?

JS: That's always a dangerous one because of the line between legitimate industrial pressure over wages and conditions and seeking to achieve a political decision by it. I'm very wary of that as I think you'd find are most trade unions.

HW: What about cases where plans drawn up by the trade unions and the party or with party support were opposed by management, in the way that for instance the Lucas Aerospace workers' plan was, would you envisage government supporting the unions?

JS: I don't want to see it in those terms. There are going to be things we won't tolerate, like low pay and discrimination. They will damn well have to obey the laws we pass on these issues. But surely there can be a sense of common purpose in getting, say, the engineering industry on to its feet so that it is effective, efficient and prosperous, paying proper wages to its workers.

HW: That has not been our experience in London, for instance in the furniture and clothing industries. Would the British Enterprise Board have powers to take over companies which stand in the way of implementing proposals for a particular industry?

JS: It would have powers to buy out companies on the market. One would try to achieve things by persuasion and dialogue.

But I want to emphasise that the job of the BEB is less to take over existing companies and deal with old problems and more to set up companies in new areas. I think we're missing out in new areas.

HW: Which new areas, presumably you've been thinking of these?

JS: We haven't really got round to that yet. But that in a sense is what the planning process will throw up. Maybe it will be some advanced medical technology, maybe it's bio-technology we should be involved in. But we shouldn't pretend that the would-be government knows all the answers.

HW: A final summing-up question: what do you see as the main criteria of a *socialist* industrial strategy?

JS: First is its success in the recovery process. We must start on the recovery process, though I wish we didn't have to spend so much time on this. But there it is.

The second thing is its ability to get a proper conception of the national interest put into our economic life. What is wrong with the market place is that a series of unaggregated decisions taken by self interested groups does not add up to a sum in the national interest. The national interest expresses itself in a number of ways: a strong economy; fulfilling jobs; the meeting of social objectives. Socialists have got to take up the challenge of creating wealth. We cannot meet social objectives on a declining curve of prosperity, only on a rising curve. Also there is no necessary clash between an efficient industry and the environment. Intelligent people and a good society can manage both. □

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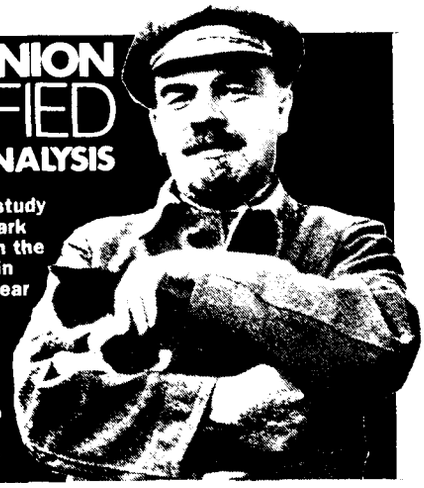

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SUN LOSES ITS LUSTRE FOR JOURNOS

Last Tuesday, NUJ Father of Chapel MALCOLM WITHERS became the first — and so far the last — *Sun* journalist to refuse to cross the Wapping picket line. Here he explains why *Sun* journalists voted to go to Wapping — and then not to stay

THE KEY TO the dispute at Wapping has always been the journalists — in particular *Sun* journalists. The *Sun* is of course the goose that lays Murdoch's very golden egg: last year the paper made £24 million profit — around half News International's entire profit and a fifth of the profit of the worldwide News Corporation. This year, double or even treble profits for the *Sun* are forecast.

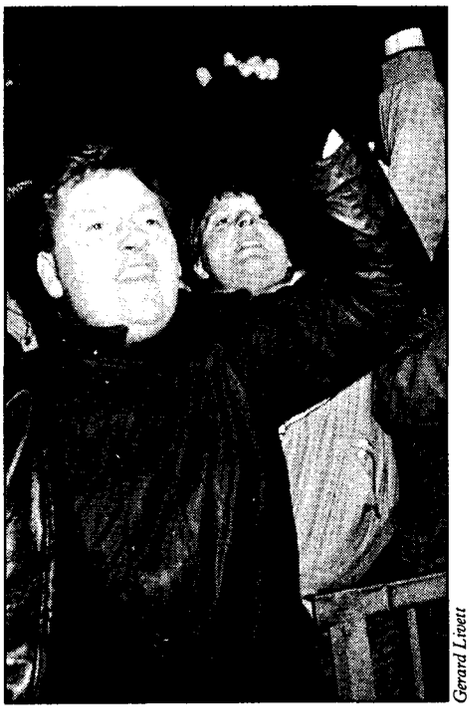
Sun journalists have been aware of their profitability for at least the last seven years. In that time they have pushed their salaries up from the bottom of the Fleet Street pay league to the top. They achieved this through becoming the most militant group of journalists in Fleet Street, engaging in more industrial disputes than any other. But in 17 years, no journalist has ever been sacked.

If journalists with this history have therefore seemed unsympathetic to the printworkers, part of the reason lies in their last fight for increased pay. Many journalists were still seething over the printworkers as management secretly laid its autumn plans for the crucial shift of *Sun* journalists to Wapping, and senior production journalists developed what later became known as 'Wapping cough' as they disappeared on secret new technology courses.

In July 1984, the journalists had gone out on an official two week strike for better pay. Many of them were provincial journalists who had seen printworkers cross picket lines during their own disputes. They mounted a 6am to midnight picket line which asked printworkers not to cross unless they were just going to do normal work.

In such circumstances, the paper should have failed to appear in the first 24 hours. Instead, printworkers continued to cross, but paid lip service to our picket line by periodically holding out an article produced by strike breakers. Yet 90 per cent of the material produced by strike-breaking editorial executives found its way into the paper. Indeed, the printers gleefully set copy criticising the journalists. The paper appeared on every day except two during the 15-day dispute.

HOWEVER, WHEN THE defeated journalists returned to work, they were anxious to adopt a united stance about new techology and Wapping. But the other unions at Bouverie Street, the cramped home of the *Sun* and *News of the World* off Fleet Street, arrogantly believed they had the power to postpone the move to Wapping.



Gerard Livett

Abusive pickets hardened hostility at Wapping

Last January, the NGA and SOGAT voted to go on strike against the move. They believed this would stop it happening. When the decision became known it threw Bouverie Street into turmoil. An NUJ chapel meeting was called and 109 journalists packed into the features room on the fourth floor of the *Sun*. Editor Kelvin MacKenzie and NUJ General Secretary Harry Conroy attended. Rupert Murdoch waited in the wings.

The Editor announced that the paper was moving to Wapping and urged everyone to go. When many Chapel members demanded to know if the house agreement would continue with its closed shop and other protective provisions, MacKenzie left the meeting. Within a few minutes, he unexpectedly returned to offer to maintain the house agreement until April 1987, to pay each journalist an extra £2,000 and a further pay increase this year.

With all the uncertainty, the journalists were willing to accept anything. Many have insisted that the £2,000 played no part in their decision. Rather, had they been offered a pay cut, they would have moved to Wapping, providing the house agreement continued. It was security, not cash that counted.

Despite my and Harry Conroy's advice not to move, *Sun* journalists voted by 101 to 8 to go.

THE FIRST SHOCK for the journalists at Wapping was the cleanliness and modernity of the place. For years, Bouverie Street had been known as the 'Black Hole' of Fleet Street. Now conditions were exactly what union officials had been asking for — an air-conditioned building with modern equipment and accommodation. Canteen, toilets and staff to service reporters' needs were all on hand. The only criticisms were of the open plan office, lack of personal desks and library — and the barbed wire (Murdoch's biggest mistake).

Even so, many journalists were concerned about the move. They felt a secret ballot should have been held to allow everyone to decide on the Wapping set-up. The NUJ national executive had quickly issued an instruction not to cross the print unions' picket line. But NUJ officials at the *Sun* felt we were clearly in danger of breaking the 1984 Trade Union Act, which stipulates that workers cannot breach a contract or interfere in its performance without first holding a secret ballot. We feared we would be open to legal action. But the NUJ executive opposed such ballots and my request to them for a ballot to be held was ignored.

During this period, picketing was stepped up dramatically. It seemed counter-productive. Instead of pickets arguing their case the lines degenerated into slanging matches, abuse and, in some cases, violence. Gradually I saw previously staunch union members become alienated from the pickets and their cause.

Whatever the strains at the start, I have always maintained that *Sun* journalists were basically sympathetic to the aspirations of the sacked printworkers. This would have been more apparent had we held a ballot at the start. But now, 20 weeks after the move to Wapping, we have had such a ballot — and 94 *Sun* journalists voted 'No' to the question: 'Do you wish to continue working at Wapping?' Although 80 voted 'Yes' the ballot form is loaded: the Act requires it to contain the words 'in answering "No" to this question I am also prepared to take industrial action, in breach of my contract of employment.'

That's a bit like the 1979 general election ballot form being required to print: 'If you vote Tory, are you prepared to be one of the four million unemployed?'

So why did the majority of *Sun* journalists vote 'No'? Undoubtedly a few did because of the latest pay offer of 3½ per cent plus £100. Hence the hasty increase to 10 per cent. But most voted 'No' because of sympathy for their former colleagues. Many of them will still be reluctant to join the strike. They have seen at first hand just how tough News International management can be. And I doubt if journalists from *The Times*, *Sunday Times* and *News of the World* will follow the lead of the *Sun* if they do ballot.

When I refused to cross picket lines on Tuesday of this week I noticed that workmen were putting up reinforced gates and ten foot high fences to supplement the barbed wire. It is a sign of the entrenched position that both sides now occupy in this bitter dispute — and its inevitable long-term nature. □

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MEDIA

Channel 4 censors self service

JOHN ELLIS

TV JOURNALISTS LIKE to think of themselves as much less constrained than their tabloid cousins, especially when it comes to interference from the Proprietor. But a strange thing happened ten days ago that makes me think this isn't the case after all. Five days into the shooting of a *Diverse Reports* programme about the IBA, Channel 4's management abruptly ordered the production to be closed down. The programme was designed, as the series was, to put a tendentious view. In this case it was that of ex-cable king Nicholas Mellersh who had already argued in the deregulators' house magazine *The Times* that the IBA in its current massive form should be abolished, and give way to a minimalist regulatory body like . . . the Cable Authority, as introduced by the current government.

This is not a view I have much sympathy for, as TV is a scarce commodity that needs some degree of real regulation to ensure diversity. But since the IBA have had Harry Secombe singing their praises just about every time you watch TV these past weeks, a little corrective would seem to be in order. It seems that the IBA agree, since they've spread it around that they think Channel 4's decision was wrong (they had to make this public, or else everybody would assume that the IBA did the banning — they've rather got into the habit recently).

It does seem, though, that Channel 4 decided to axe the programme for fear of offending their proprietor, the IBA. This is essentially no different from a *Times* or *Mirror* TV section editor deciding that it would be politic not to mention the huge losses currently sustained by cable and satellite TV.

Or is it for rather more sinister reasons: sinister because closer to home? For it is widely rumoured that the Peacock Report will recommend that Channel 4 is floated off from IBA ownership and its regular income from the ITV contractors (who in return have the right to sell advertising on Channel 4). Peacock may well recommend a Channel 4 that sells its own advertising and finances itself, free of ITV financing, and free of IBA regulation.

Without doubt this option has been costed at Channel 4 and seen to be not such a bad idea, given that the ITV companies in the major regions already make a small profit on the current deal. If this is the case, which it is, then it would not be a Clever Thing for Channel 4 to carry a programme advocating a policy that Channel 4 was itself contemplating and which the IBA may not like. This would seem to be 'self-serving', a word that Mellersh claims has been used in connection with his programme.

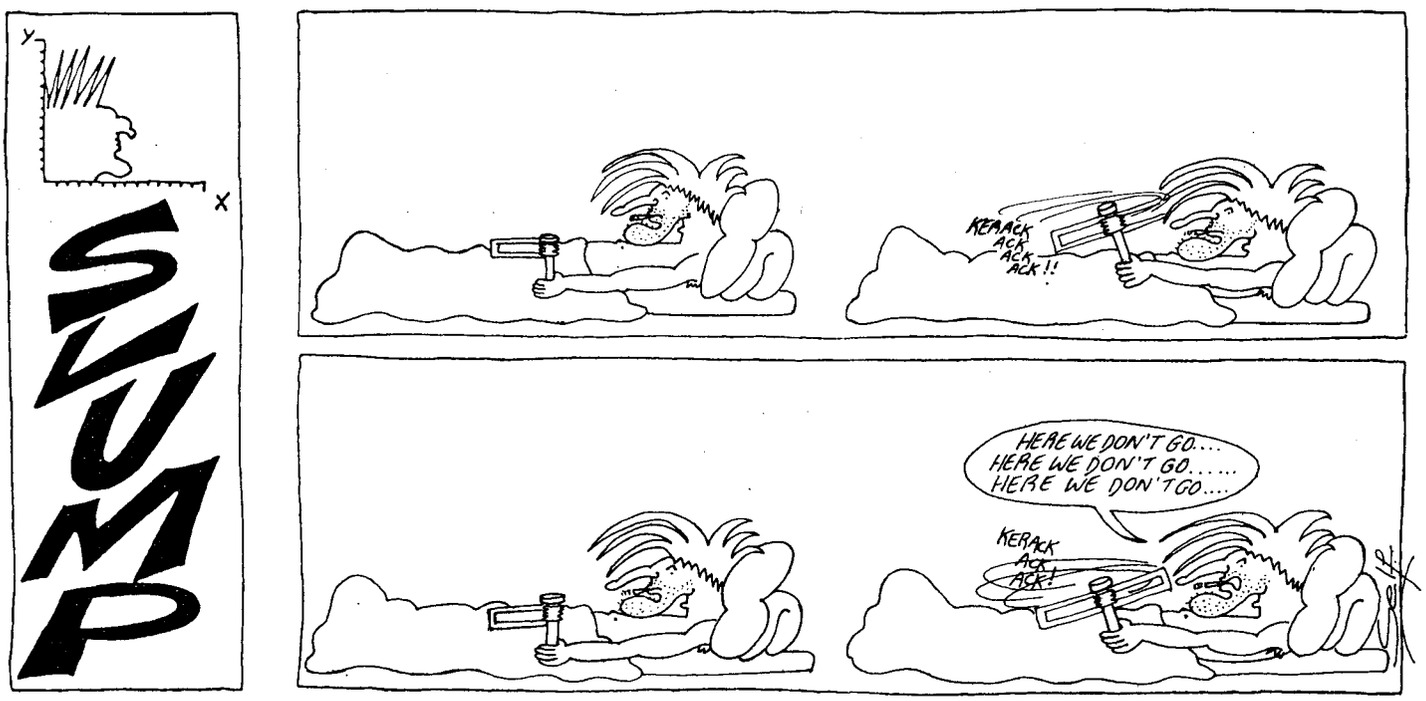
This argument smacks of conspiracy theory. It would be a new development in itself if Channel 4 were to be conspiring to stop a programme, since until now it has taken such decisions more by mistake then by judgment. Whichever way you look at it, though, the decision is worrying. It is in no way mitigated by Channel 4's consolation prize to *Diverse Reports* that they should make a couple of other programmes putting a couple of other views about TV (the Crackerjack pencil method of commissioning). For *Diverse Reports* has established the principle that their reports are personal views and do not have to be balanced into oblivion.

Even if balance is to be re-adopted for the narrow area of Channel 4's own backyard, then there would seem to be plenty of balancing material around: the aforesaid Harry Secombe, the solid and much reviewed *Open the Box*, and even a programme that lucidly traces the uneven development of the public service broadcasting ethic, *Are You Being Served Well?* (Eleventh Hour, Channel 4, 23 June).

This programme gently points to the narrow interpretation that 'public service' has actually been given: as a World War II morale booster which (almost) always fell short of actual lying; as a crude definition of popular taste around the introduction of ITV; and as the interest of the State in reporting Northern Irish affairs since 1968. Now it seems another narrow interpretation has been created: public service TV is not to deal in a relatively honest way with its own affairs, since this could be seen as 'self-serving'.

Presumably Channel 4 assumes that some politician would see it this way. But, as *Are You Being Served Well?* observes, it may be politicians who decide about TV, but they don't watch it much. So it may be fear of 'a fuss' (which means a national newspaper report and editorial) which prompted Channel 4's strange decision, even though showing Mellersh's *Diverse Report* would have been defensible on the most conservative of arguments (that of balance).

Whatever the reason, we now have proof that the lack of decent coverage of TV on TV is not due to any fear of 'seeming incestuous' (as some executives have claimed), but simply to a fear of journalistic imperatives interfering with busines priorities. If TV doesn't cover TV for business reasons; if the press also doesn't cover TV for business reasons, then what kind of debate can we have about the future of TV?



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DIARY

Kate Hoey

Mexico

Mexico City — home for 18 million people. It seems like all of them are obsessed with soccer: it sounds like all of them are outside my window in the Zocola, Saturday night, celebrating the opening of the World Cup. Horns hooting, the cars race round the huge square, with young people hanging out the windows and standing on their roofs. Mingling amidst them it is not quite like a carnival, nor is it a demonstration — not yet anyway.

In the aftermath of the earthquake and Mexico's huge international debts, the call to change the venue of this World Cup might have seemed sensible from distant London. Try telling that to the shanty town dwellers of Neza on the outskirts of the city. Most Mexicans know that, World Cup or not, their living conditions will not change: the homeless from the earthquake would still be in their tents. So in the meantime they intend to enjoy themselves, watching the matches on giant TV screens put up in streets and parks, participating in a jamboree of patriotism.

○

The opening match in the Azteca Stadium was no soccer showpiece, but spectacular and brimming with atmosphere. It also gave the opportunity for a simple but significant political act — the Mexican crowd, predominantly those who earn above average wages, booed the President. Makes a change from English fans booing the players or the manager. The dignitaries, including the British Ambassador were shocked. TV and radio turned down the sound. The papers said that 'he had difficulty being heard because of the noise of the excited crowd'. But in a country where there is firm control of the media, word of mouth spreads quickly. The 'bread and circuses' idea of the Mexican government to use the World Cup as a contentment drug may yet prove to be the trigger which sets off unstoppable social unrest.

○

There are two essential stops for the socialist soccer supporter in Mexico City. First, the rather sad and rundown home of Trotsky, where he lived in exile and was murdered in 1940. The museum was not listed on the places to see by the special voluntary tourist guides. I found it in Coyoacan, half an hour from the centre of Mexico City. For Trotsky it must have seemed a long way from his European theatre of action. To me it seemed a long way from Liverpool, Militant and the Young Socialists. No one else was visiting. Am I the only person here for the World Cup who will visit? Then there are the giant murals that adorn Mexican public buildings. Diego Rivera's painting on the walls of the Ministry of Education building and the National Palace are the most famous, but there are fine examples everywhere. The most recent murals protest *la deuda exteria* (the national debt). I imagine the Ministry of Defence with murals protesting nuclear weapons . . .

○

The World Cup organising committee has obviously heard that journalists are lazy. So they have built a £20 million press centre especially for the World Cup. Here the hacks can have instant access to 2,000 computer information articles on Mexico, ranging from architecture to Acapulco beaches. Unfortunately the technology can't do anything about the time differential deadlines. The soccer press have had to work hard and look suitably shattered. But the news reporters are looking bored. Their problem is how to make news out of reasonable football and fairly well behaved supporters. Practically every English supporter feels angry about the press. There are rumours that the popular British press has been trying to bribe English fans to cause trouble. Their photographers and reporters have not been feeling too comfortable showing their credentials near where the English fans are staying in Monterrey. Not that they seem too concerned. They are made very welcome in the hotel bars.

○

After the depression and division of the English 'camp', it is a relief to reach the friendliness of the N. Ireland team base in Guadalajara. Both the team and the 800-odd supporters who have made the journey are marvellous ambassadors for all that's good about Northern Ireland. Even their officials are strikingly different from the other FAs. The young Assistant Secretary of the NIFA, William Campbell, was at the last World Cup — but as a supporter, standing behind the goals, travelling on cheap overnight coaches in Spain. Supporters have been given access to the team hotel. Not for the Irish FA, the receptions and wining and dining. Just a quiet industrious attitude which creates confidence. They have also been promoting the Tyrone glass industry, presenting every player of other teams with a crystal bowl. The most radical difference is that they have allowed wives/girlfriends to stay, at their own expense, in the same hotel (separate rooms of course).

○

Impossible to be here without my views on the important role sport plays in bringing people together being reinforced. Images of Scottish lads in kilts, dancing with Mexicans and singing with the Marriechis. English fans, some of whom have gone to unbelievable lengths to find the cheapest way here, exchanging T-shirts with the victorious Portuguese. 'You won't write about this', said one large West Ham supporter as he tried hard to fit a Moroccan vest over his huge chest.

○

Back to Mexico City. The Zocola full again. More urgency in the celebrations tonight. More police and more arrests. The peso is falling rapidly against the dollar. The poor of Mexico will not benefit from the influx of these soccer dollars. Is it too much to hope that, after the teams have left and 10 billion viewers have been treated to their soccer showpiece, just some of them might have learnt something about Mexico's relationship with the world's leading banks? It isn't only the English team that needs a miracle.

ROGER WODDIS

Splendid vision

In her address to the Conservative Women's Conference, Mrs Thatcher looked forward to tax cuts producing 'a little bit of heaven on earth'.

Heaven, we're in heaven,
And you'll be in raptures
Once you've heard me speak.
You may wonder how
Your pay will last the week,
But it's better than
A slap across the cheek.

Heaven, call it heaven,
Though your future frankly
Couldn't look more bleak
And my laundered figures
Haven't reached their peak.
Still, you must admit
That you admire my cheek.

Can't you see
I want to benefit you?
I'm opposite you,
But helping the few
To —

Heaven, lovely heaven,
Where the taste of nectar
Isn't for the weak
And my line in crap
May make you want to shriek,
But as I read somewhere,
Blessed are the meek.

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PA

PEOPLE'S HEADS ARE NOT SPRING ONIONS

Hu Yaobang (above), head of the Chinese Communist Party, has been wined and dined this week in London by the Queen, Mrs Thatcher and all. The British government, concerned with trade and Hong Kong, is ignoring China's dreadful record on human rights, argues JONATHAN MIRSKY

'MAN IS THE MOST precious thing,' Chairman Mao Zedong once said, establishing himself, it might seem, as a believer in human rights. The Chairman is also often remembered, in a paraphrase of Lenin's, for warning his more zealous colleagues that people's heads are not like spring onions; when you cut them off, new ones do not grow, so mistakes are impossible to rectify.

Like many of the Chairman's utterances these are worse than platitudes: they are false. The Chinese record on human rights is a dark one. In Mao's China, and since his death in 1976, large numbers of citizens who would not be considered criminals in the West, and many actual criminals deprived of due legal process, have died before their time, been tortured and humiliated, or detained without proper trial for unspecified periods.

In 1980, Hu Yaobang, now General Secretary of the Communist Party, told a group of journalists that during the Cultural Revolution (1966 to 1976), in which he and his patron Deng Xiaoping had both been persecuted, no less than 100 million Chinese, roughly one in ten of the entire population, had been illegally handled by the security services.

According to a Red Guard document published during the Cultural revolution, Mao told the politburo in April 1956 that 'two to three million counter-revolutionaries have been executed, imprisoned, or placed under control in the past'. 'Counter-revolutionary' has been used by the Party since the civil war as a catch-all to describe, variously, murderers, rich peasants and their children, petty thieves, dissidents — and the always suspect intellectuals.

In 1957, a courageous professor wrote to the Chairman: 'During the campaign for the suppression of counter-revolutionaries in 1955, an untold number of citizens throughout the country were detained . . . A great many of them died because they could not endure the struggle. No matter how strong the "reasons" were for detaining these citizens to conduct these struggles against them, this was after all a serious violation of human rights . . . We have applied to intellectuals methods of punishment which peasants would not apply to landlords and workers would not apply to capitalists.'

After the Cultural Revolution, with the arrest of the Gang of Four and the death of Mao in the autumn of 1976, many Chinese expected the end of uncontrolled and illegitimate official violence. But seven years later, on 21 October 1983, Amnesty International's Secretary General, Thomas Hammarberg, sent a seven-page appeal to China's Head of State, Li Xiannian. Hammarberg had been stunned by Peking's roundup, beginning in August, of 700,000 suspected rapists, murderers, 'hooligans', 'trouble-makers', and 'counter-revolutionaries'.

On 23 August, 30 men had been summarily shot in the back of the neck before an audience of thousands in Peking's Workers' Stadium; over the next two years not less than 6,000 executions followed. Not since the Cultural Revolution, Hammerberg told Li, had so many been executed; and he called upon the Head of State 'to do everything in your power to stop further executions and to consider commuting all pending death sentences.'

The Chinese did not respond to such appeals, except to comment bluntly that those executed were 'evil members of the herd', whose executions were welcomed by the masses. The shootings were described as 'routine work'. This work has continued into 1986, together with assurances that more is to come as part of the most recent 'Party rectification'. Indeed, for many Chinese the only proof that certain Party statements are serious is if they are accompanied by public executions with maximum fanfare.

WHAT ARE THE PROSPECTS for human rights in the People's Republic of China? The

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short answer, unfortunately, is dim. Most of those who called explicitly for the recognition and implementation of human rights in 1979 are still in jail or in labour camps, with names like Teahouse Camp, Benevolent Forest, and Singular Beauty Farm, usually convicted without lawyers or public trial under the 1957 're-education through labour' regulations, resurrected in 1980, which deal with 'people with no decent education, counter-revolutionaries, and anti-social elements . . . and reactionaries not subject to prosecution.'

There were about 200 of them. We know many of their names, and often their addresses before they were arrested. Some of them have been singled out for international appeals by Amnesty, other organisations, and the press. (Unlike the Soviets, the Chinese appear impervious to such pressure.) They were scooped up between 1979 and 1981, often for activities centering on Peking's 'Democracy Wall', a crowded but short-lived place for speeches and pamphleteering during the brief 'Peking Spring' or 'Democracy Movement' of 1979-80. Not all those detained lived in the capital, but all had voiced their concerns for human rights as one of the central features of democracy, which Wei Jingsheng, China's most famous political prisoner, sentenced to 15 years in 1979, had called 'the Fifth Modernisation'.

For China's Communist Party, it is unthinkable to link 'democracy' with the official Four Modernisations — in agriculture, industry, defence and science, Deng Xiaoping's core conditions for achieving quadrupled production by the year 2000 and catching up with the West within 50 years. To achieve these goals and to realise Deng's other great ideal, a strong State, will, the Party insists, require not only an energetic and better educated population, but a disciplined, orderly, and compliant one. There was no foundation for democracy in traditional China and there is no room for it in the People's Republic.

Unity, achieved through patriotism, loyalty — and discipline — is the Party's prerequisite to modernisation, just as earlier Confucian rulers emphasised harmony and tranquility, and referred to the most disruptive acts which threatened them as the Ten Abominations.

WHAT IS DIFFERENT in the People's Republic is not the determination of the State, but its capacity to enforce its will through the power of the 42 million Party members and the security services, who function down to the village level — an extension of control unavailable to the emperors.

In the eyes of the Party, demands for human rights are a form of subversion. This makes it easy to conflate criminality, disorder and the demand for western-style democracy. Indeed, when the Party considers the successive 'crime waves' of the last ten years, marked as murder, rape, corruption, smuggling, pornography, and prostitution, it accounts for them by drawing attention to increasing materialism, greed, 'slackness', individualism, and family breakdown. These, it is alleged, are the inevitable results of misguided admiration for 'bourgeois liberalism' and western-style democracy, which have almost overtaken 'feudalism' — the traditional bad influence of the past as the root cause of social evil.

Many of those who demanded democracy during the 'Peking Spring' of 1979, the Party remembers, had also joined in the great April 1976 disorders in the capital's Tiananmen square, where hundreds were killed and thousands arrested for crying out against the Cultural Revolution, the Gang, and even against Mao. Although the Party has laid a gloss of respectability over what it calles 'the Tiananmen incident' (by claiming to have inspired it), it warns that such demonstrations must never happen again.

The Party also remembers that, before they rose up at Tiananmen, some of the participants had been Red Guards, originally created by Mao and praised by the Party, but before long regarded as essentially criminal. Some of these ex-rebels will tell you that it was during the Cultural Revolution that they first lost confidence in the Party, the police and the bureaucracy.

Wei Jingsheng, who called for the Fifth Modernisation — democracy — in a poster on Peking's Democracy Wall in December 1978, was one of those Red Guards who lost his faith when he travelled through rural China and saw its continuing misery after years of Party rule. 'The people should have democracy,' he wrote. 'If they ask for democracy, they are only asking for something they rightfully own. Anyone refusing to give it to them is a shameless bandit, no better than the capitalist who robs workers of the money earned with their sweat and blood.'

When posters first went up on Democracy Wall, as long as they confined themselves to attacks on the Gang, their supporters, and, obliquely, to Mao, they were approved. Deng Xiaoping himself pronounced them 'a good thing.' But after Wei Jingsheng, other bold critics also began to strike at the foundation. 'Go fuck yourselves with your socialism and communism in a society where people don't have enough to clothe and feed themselves decently,' said a poster addressed to 'the ladies and gentlemen of Peking.'

It now became necessary to restore discipline by making an example of someone: 'to kill the chicken to terrify the monkey'. The first such example was Wei Jingsheng himself.

At his trial in late 1979 he was accused of providing military secrets to a foreign reporter. These concerned the disastrous border war with Vietnam at the beginning of the year. Wei explained that the 'secrets' had been widely published. But discussing them with a foreigner, the court pointed out, was intolerable.

This subversion was then linked to Wei's second 'crime' — 'spreading agitation and counter-revolutionary propaganda' in his magazine *Exploration*. The prosecution presented evidence that the magazine had published a document obtained from a foreigner. The document was Amnesty's report on political prisoners in China. □

This is an edited version of Jonathan Mirsky's contribution on China in the special 25th annniversary edition of the Amnesty Journal, *available from Amnesty International, 5 Roberts Place, Bowling Green Lane, London EC1, price 60p.*

OLD GRIEF, NEW ANGER

SHOWDOWN AT SOWETO

This Monday marks the 10th anniversary of the Soweto uprising which sparked a new mood of rebellion among Black South Africans. The commemoration is likely to provoke a fierce clash between the State and the disinherited Blacks. PHILLIP VAN NIEKERK reports

Johannesburg

THE SOUTH AFRICAN government and the anti-apartheid forces in the townships are bracing themselves for possibly the most significant showdown in the ten 'fighting years' since the Soweto uprising on 16 June, 1976. Despite the outlawing of meetings to commemorate the anniversary, a one-day general strike and mass protest meetings throughout the country are planned for the anniversary on Monday.

But it won't only be the ability of the government to control the burgeoning revolt which will be tried — so too will the ability of the anti-apartheid forces to move beyond the rebellion of the streets (which the government has so far largely been able to contain within the ghettoes) to a more sustained challenge to Nationalist rule. Clearly, the outcome of Monday's contest will indicate how many months or years the struggle against white minority rule still has to go. Whilst some activists see the day as merely a milestone — albeit a significant one — others hope it will be a turning point, just as Soweto was ten years ago, and spark a nationwide insurrection which will end with the overthrow of the government.

ON 16 JUNE ten years ago 13-year-old Hector Petersen became the first of the more than 2,000 victims who have died in a decade of security force action and civil rebellion in

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Camera Press

Riot police at Soweto ten years ago when repression ceased to work

South Africa's Black townships. Hector participated in a march by Black pupils through the Soweto suburbs of Orlando West in protest against schools teaching everything in Afrikaans. The police chose to meet the peaceful march with bullets, killing Hector Petersen and sparking an uprising which lasted for months, spreading throughout the country and leading to the death of hundreds of Black schoolchildren.

The Soweto uprising upset white South Africa's calm which had lasted since the early sixties when the African National Congress (ANC) and the Pan Africanist Congress (PAC) were banned and virtually the entire top leadership of the ANC imprisoned. The stifling of dissent was taken a step further with the creation by Nationalist heavyweight John Vorster of a repressive security apparatus spearheaded by the aptly-titled Bureau of State Security (BOSS), and backed by laws allowing indefinite detention without trial. Political activists regularly died in detention.

Although 16 June unleashed a fresh era of repression and death it also marked the re-emergence of genuine resistance in South Africa. 'It revived mass political activity', says former student leader Ephraim Mogale. 'The 1976 education revolt was the spark that lit the fire of popular resistance against the minority government'.

TEN YEARS LATER, the government response to popular revolt appears hardly to have changed; if anything it has become more brutal. In the past two years — the most sustained period of Black protest in the country's history — more than 1,500 people have died in clashes between demonstrators and security forces.

The Minister of Law and Order, Louis Le Grange, has shown no more sophisticated a response to the impending 16 June showdown than a ban on all commemorative meetings and a failed attempt to push through legislation which would have granted him powers of martial law and the ability to detain people for 180 days on suspicion of being involved in the unrest. These measures have been blocked by the two non-white chambers of parliament — the Indian House of Delegates and the 'coloured' or mixed-race House of Representatives — and Le Grange has been temporarily deprived of even more draconian powers than he already enjoys.

Fears are running high that the government will take even more drastic action — such as declaring a state of emergency — later this week. But already the ban on the meetings — making virtually any commemoration of 16 June illegal — has fuelled the militant mood in the townships, and made violent confrontation appear inevitable.

MUCH HAS changed since 1976. In the past ten years the struggle in the townships has moved far beyond the education protests of 1976, though education is still an important component of Black grievances. Then, the predominant ideology among the activists was Black Consciousness — an indigenous form of Black Power inspired by the independence of African countries to the north and formulated by a new and militant generation of leaders such as Steve Biko, who was to die in detention in 1977.

Since 1976 the exiled African National Congress, with its policy of non-racialism and membership for progressive whites, has undergone a strong revival of popular support at the expense of the Black consciousness groups such as the Black Consciousness Movement of Azania. The ANC's limited guerilla war has been stepped up, with a record number of attacks during 1985 and the first few months of this year.

Socialism has also emerged since 1976 as a mass ideology and Black trade unions, which were in their infancy in 1976, have grown to be a leading force in the internal anti-apartheid organisation. Hundreds of community organisations have sprung up, given impetus by the unions and the United Democatic Front (UDF). While the children of 1976 had nowhere to flee to but into exile, the militant students of today are staying inside the country, throwing their weight into the various youth congresses and civic organisations and helping to build new structures such as street committees in 'ungovernable' townships.

The strategy of making the townships ungovernable by Black councillors and white security forces — and replacing it by people's government as seen in the street committees and 'people's courts' — is a sign of the ANC's growing influence in many of the townships. The ANC has made repeated calls to the residents of the townships to make pariahs of Blacks working within the system and to set up their own government.

Still, the development of alternative government is uneven, being at its strongest in the highly politicised Eastern Cape and in Alexandra next to the northern suburbs of Johannesburg.

Nationally, support for the ANC is openly expressed at the funerals of unrest victims where coffins are often draped in the green, black and gold colours of the organisation. At the same time public support has surfaced for the South African Communist Party, which ten years ago could not have had a lower profile inside South Africa. While the ANC is clearly the predominant political organisation in the townships, there is a greater plurality of political organisations in the black community than ten years ago.

In Natal Chief Mangosuthu Buthelezi's Inkatha remains a threat to the more progressive organisations such as the UDF and the Congress of South African Trade Unions (COSATU). Even the Black exlusivist Black Consciousness Movement, though its support has been seriously eroded, has retained support around Johannesburg and in the rural areas of the Transvaal. The chief proponent of Black consciousness, the Azanian People's Organisation (AZAPO) has widespread popular support in Soweto, symbolically the most important of all the Black townships.

Divisions within the black community have been capitalised on quite effectively by the government, as at the Crossroads squatter camp outside Cape Town. But neither this nor the threat by President Botha that his well-equipped army has not yet been fully unleashed against the still mostly unarmed demonstrators has managed to stem the spread of Black radicalism in the townships. □

The Anti-Apartheid Movement is organising a march and rally in London on 28 June. Rally Hyde Park 11am, Festival Clapham Common 3pm.

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LETTERS

Hip-Hop Hattersley

Ian MacKenzie, Lausanne, Switzerland

Although I've now been reading the *NS* for about 15 years, for some reason I still imagine the 'typical' reader to be someone like my parents. I enjoy the rock columns written by refugess from the music press such as Barney Hoskyns and Jon Savage, partly for the solemnity that overtakes their prose when they decide that their readership will probably be older than that of the *New Musical Express* and partly because I imagine my parents or, say, a Kinnock or Hattersley trying to make sense of phrases such as 'the Heavy Metal Rap of Def Jam', 'the Chipmunks (old B-Boy favourites)', or 'the Electro of Tommy Boy.'

For my part I understand the above phrases, but fail to see why in the articles by Savage and Kwesi Owusu (*NS* 23 May) Black is capitalised, especially when it occurs in the same phrase as a lower-case white. A few of the musicians , and several of the producers of 'New York Hip-Hop Electro' are white, for example Arthur Baker, responsible for the Sun City record. Does this make them White, or the music less black? How about a lower-case black music as in lower-case (and largely black) jazz, or a less tendentious term, such as funk, hip-hop, or whatever?

WRP from the inside

Dave Temple, Chairman, Workers Revolutionary Party, London SW4

In reply to Brendan Martin's 'Politics by Burglary' (*NS* 6 June):

Nobody has been expelled from the WRP for political differences in the last eight months — nor will they be. Healy was expelled in October 1985 for sexual and physical abuse of members, and there is more free and open dicussion within the WRP than in the previous two decades. Members can now speak freely; the Party has had public meetings in every region (there were three in London) to explain its crisis, at which many groups and parties of the Left have taken part in the most wide-ranging discussion.

In November 1985 the Party gave Mike Banda (then General Secretary) paid leave, and the return fare to Sri Lanka. He was distressed in the aftermath of Healy's expulsion. Since then, he has not once communicated with the Party. It is clear that, although Banda belatedly played a role in Healy's expulsion, he cannot live in the Party without his former political mentor. Like Healy, he refuses to face the Party's membership to explain his past political record. Accordingly he has been charged under the constitution.

The WRP has not engaged in burglary since Healy's expulsion. Merseybooks is owned by New Publications Limited, trading with WRP support. How can you burgle your own premises? Hearing that books were taken illegally in plastic bags through the back door, the manager of New Park Publications removed the remaining stock from the shop, which was to cease trading anyway.

In the premises a series of notes were discovered, written by Mike Banda's brother, Tony, which declared that through the operation of a secret faction, he intended to 'smash the Party' with supporters both 'inside and out' of the Party. Tony Banda refused membership of the Central Committee in March, and has communicated with the Committee only through the accountant and lawyer in a bid to take personal possession of New Park Publications Limited. This is why he has been charged.

Struggles over Stonehenge

George Branchflower, The Pleasure Tendency, Leeds

Tim Malyon (*NS* 23 May) has almost entirely missed the point about Stonehenge. The fact is that between them English Heritage and National Trust have done more to foster a destructive attitude towards the monument than anyone by their insistence that the only *legitimate* way to enjoy the site is to pay for the privilege, as though any damage caused by those who are prepared to do so is somehow excused by this act of homage. 'Help Us To Preserve The Past For The Future' is a vacuous slogan and an entirely vain appeal, completely ignoring as it does the obvious fact that 'culture' can never be preserved without the kind of popular input which Stonehenge has always attracted and which both groups are now trying so hard to suppress. Indeed, 'heritage' can never be owned by anyone; it exists rather as a bequeathal to *all* the people, the gratis enjoyment of which is a matter of birthright, and as an element within a living popular culture. The idea that it can be seized, frozen and turned into an economic concern is the surest way to kill it off.

Today there is an increasingly widespread feeling amongst people, whether of the Left or the Right, that something is being irrevocably destroyed when they see yet another formerly free activity being co-opted by the cause of 'revenue-generation'. Ultimately, the contest over the Stonehenge Free Festival is much more important than a squabble over what to do with some unruly 'hippies'. Like the struggle over the fencing-off of common land, the resistance to 'theme-park Britain' will continue.

Pope's embarrassment

Dr M. R. Lehmann, New York, USA

In your article on the Pope's visit to the main Synagogue of Rome (*NS* 6 May), T. M. Pasca gives various reasons why the Vatican has not yet publicly recognised the State of Israel.

However, I believe that he left out the most fundamental reason: For many centuries now, the Catholic Church has claimed that it is in fact the 'continuity' of Israel and that the Jews forfeited their right to exist as a political entity, as known in the times of Jesus. As to Jerusalem, the Church tells us that it is strictly in Heaven. The emergence of a Jewish state with Jerusalem as its capital is therefore a theological embarrassment of the greatest magnitude.

However painful to the Pope he will, sooner or later, have to face reality and admit that the teachings of the Church were wrong. It is this kind of courage which is required of him to set the record straight by recognising the State of Israel.

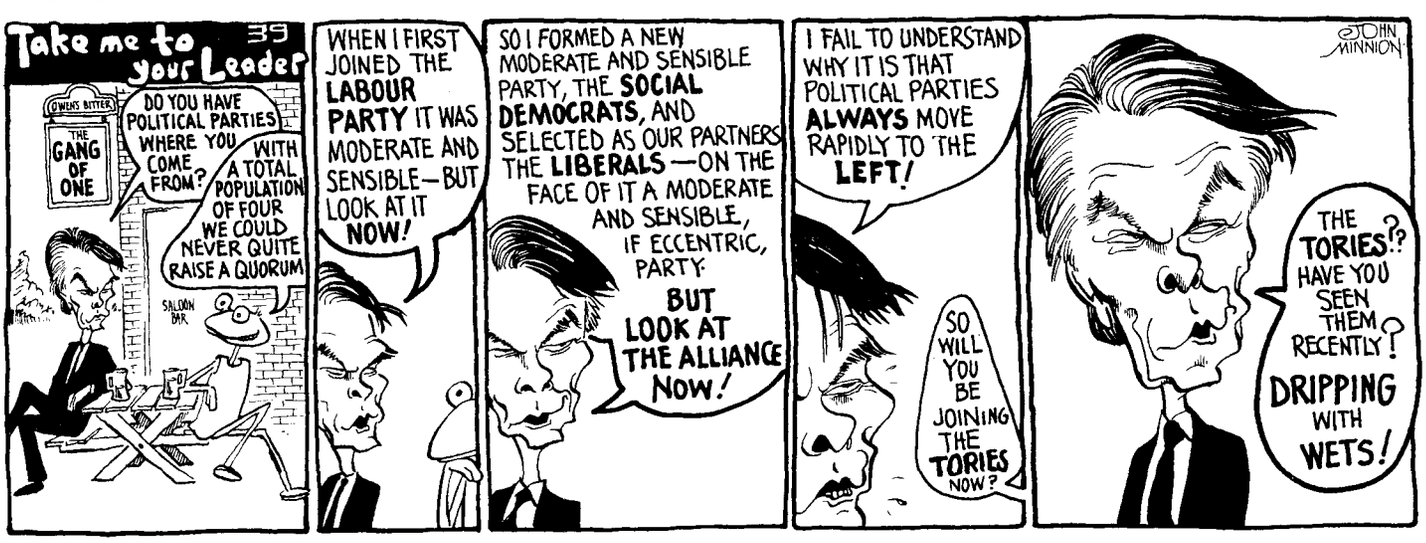
Royal Commissions are not enough

Timothy Treuherz, Rochdale, Lancashire

It is a pity that your otherwise powerful editorial on our police state (*NS* 23 May) came to such a weak conclusion in the demand for a Royal Commission. Enough work has been carried out recently on police accountability for demands to be formulated now.

Parliament needs to return genuine power to locally elected police committees. This must involve an end to the distinction between 'policy' and 'operational' matters which have for so long prevented Labour authorities from controlling Chief Constables. Parliament must also lay down clear guidelines on police training and equipment and the Labour Party must make the repeal of the Police and Criminal Evidence Act and the forthcoming Public Order Act a priority, in order to stem the tide of draconian police powers.

The Labour Party can only mount a serious campaign on police accountability if it matches legislative and administrative changes to the demands of the people.


Take me to your Leader
35
OWENS BITTER
THE GANG OF ONE
DO YOU HAVE POLITICAL PARTIES WHERE YOU COME FROM?
WITH A TOTAL POPULATION OF FOUR WE COULD NEVER QUITE RAISE A QUORUM
SALOON BAR
WHEN I FIRST JOINED THE LABOUR PARTY IT WAS MODERATE AND SENSIBLE—BUT LOOK AT IT NOW!
SO I FORMED A NEW MODERATE AND SENSIBLE PARTY, THE SOCIAL DEMOCRATS, AND SELECTED AS OUR PARTNERS THE LIBERALS—ON THE FACE OF IT A MODERATE AND SENSIBLE, IF ECCENTRIC, PARTY.
BUT LOOK AT THE ALLIANCE NOW!
I FAIL TO UNDERSTAND WHY IT IS THAT POLITICAL PARTIES ALWAYS MOVE RAPIDLY TO THE LEFT!
SO WILL YOU BE JOINING THE TORIES NOW?
©JOHN MINNION
THE TORIES?! HAVE YOU SEEN THEM RECENTLY? DRIPPING WITH WETS!

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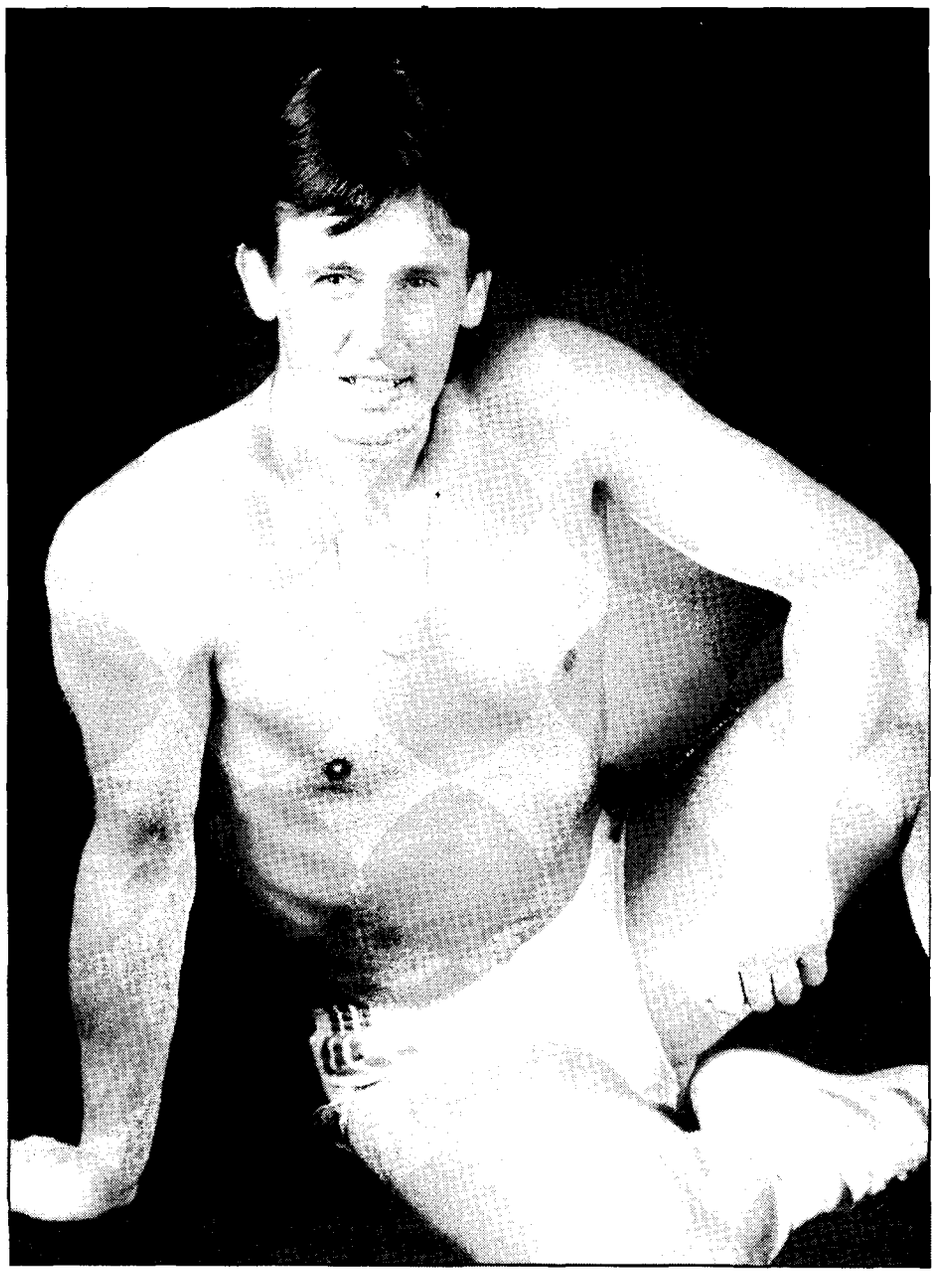
WHAT'S IN IT FOR WOMEN?



The Sun

This is the Sun*'s page 7 'fella' — as a gesture towards the equality of sexual desire, it seems less potent than* The Story of O *or Mills and Boon. ROSALIND COWARD examines how feminist thinking on sadism and the market has changed the controversy about pornography*

SEX IN ANYBODY's life has periods of latency. In feminism we've just been through one of those periods. For the last few years, after the storms about pornography and lesbian sado-masochism, debates about sexuality have been pretty muted. But reactions to Kathy Acker's story *Male* (published in the *New Statesman* on 25 April) suggest that the issue of pornography is still as thorny and as unresolved as ever.

Kathy Acker first read her story at a *Women's Review* reading in February. The correspondence has been going on since then and says much about the state of the debate in feminism. One woman described how 'by the time (Kathy Acker) had read her way through the child being raped several times and the conversation held between the rapists "coming in their pants" the while, I had stumbled out of the room and burst into tears of shock and horror.' Others, though displeased with Kathy Acker's imagery, defended her right to experiment, as she did herself, 'For I want to find out what it is to be male and I couldn't have learned anything if I had decided beforehand what it is to be male. This is the only point I want to make; if it is not possible within a feminist context to set up an experiment, to question as radically as possible, then finally the feminist context is questionable.'

The argument followed a familiar conundrum. Should feminists be in the business of censoring imagery or writing, or does the individual have the right to say whatever she pleases? The fundamental polarity as usual is between censorship (seen by its opponents as right-wing and dangerous) and free expression (seen by some as re-circulating harmful images of women).

Kathy Acker thinks she should have total freedom within feminism if she calls herself a feminist and an experimentalist (she didn't say anything about the effect of experimenting in the non-feminist context of the *New Statesman*). Her opponents see her as recycling the images prevalent in male pornography, images of child rape and violent sex. It's a sad fact that feminist argument so often founders on these two positions. No one wants to see images of child rape used uncritically to arouse. But no one wants to appear 'repressive' or to give more power to repressive forces which could well be turned against some of feminism's own practices — lesbian motherhood for example. No wonder feminism has fallen silent on the subject.

The question of whether any pornography is acceptable, and what to do about images we consider unacceptable

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often seems too difficult. Most feminists wish that the whole issue of pornography would just go away. But given that pornography probably won't just melt away until feminism at least puts the heat on, then perhaps we still do have work to do in understanding the images of porn, the uses of porn and what, if anything, feminists should be saying about it.

I wrote first on the subject of pornography four years ago. At the time I was confident that the hostility of radical feminists to all porn, and their call for the suppression of all porn-derived images inside and outside of feminism, was misguided. I opposed this position not because I didn't also despair at seeing men take for granted access to women's bodies and their apparent obsessions with violence and rape. I viewed the problem as deriving not from the images of explicit sex as such, but from the *way* those images were constructed, that is the particular coding of sexual imagery to make it arousing for men.

The problems seemed far more to do with the way in which the female body is the obsessive object of sexual interest, and the way that the female body is 'coded' to suggest sexual availability and submission to the male viewer. Thus the poses (or convolutions), the look which the woman gives to the camera, and the dismemberment of the female body into areas of specialism (bottom, breasts and genitals) all create a sense of the absolute centrality of the male to the sexual experience, a sense of his power to use women's bodies as he pleases.

Male power is reinforced in two ways in pornography. One is that a sense of power follows on from being able to *buy* the commodity of porn. Money is exchanged and with that exchange comes the entitlement for men to use those images of women in whatever way they desire. This sense of women's availability and men's power is hugely reinforced by the semi-violent stories in soft core porn and the explicit scenarios of violent sex in hard core porn. Thus 'sex' in pornography is synonymous with images of women's availability and men's power — factors given further currency by men's public bravado about their use of pornography.

Even though it is hard in our current culture to imagine sexually explicit material that didn't represent women as open access for men, nevertheless it seemed politically important to draw a distinction between sexual imagery and *offensive* sexual imagery. Feminism emerged with a precise critique of how women's sexuality had been denied in anything other than family and child-bearing forms. And even if feminists are now totally sceptical of the idea of sexual liberation, no one wants to go back to a situation where any discussion or representation of sex was considered offensive to women.

For that reason it seemed important to be clear about our difference with the right-wing pro-censorship lobby. If we were critical of the public display of sex, that wasn't because we thought women should not be perceived as sexual beings. It was rather that the *kind* of sex displayed, the kind of fantasies given currency, and the uses which men made of these images, are likely to reinforce hostile and degrading attitudes towards women.

THE POLITICS WHICH derive from such a position are complicated. Clearly it would be foolish to support a straightforward 'censorship' platform in the current political climate, where control of imagery is largely in the hands of anti-feminist and anti-progressive forces. But turning away from censorship is not turning away from intervention; it is not a case of abandoning the issue to the libertarian defense of 'freedom of expression'. As Susan Kappeler pointed out in *New Socialist*:

> While it is true that censorship destroys freedom of expression, it is not true that absence of censorship does anything like establish or guarantee freedom of expression. The absence of censorship, like the absence of a policy of protectionism, leaves expression to the turmoil of market forces in a free market economy. The freedom we protect is not the freedom of expression but the freedom of the market.

This of course is an important point in considering pornography. Pornographic images, literature and videos are not the spontaneous products of free individuals, but are the productions of certain powerful groups who control the outlets, calculate what and how they can sell, and use techniques to instil a need for such material. Pornography is, at one level, just another commodity and we have as much freedom in relations towards it as we do to the choice between two washing powders made by the same manufacturer. Thus to talk of 'freedom of expression' when men have the power to control how women are talked about and seen does seem a trifle indulgent.

Both 'censorship' and 'freedom of expression' are somewhat defunct terms when it comes to women's critique of pornography. But 'intervention' still seems appropriate. Feminism has already achieved much through public pressure against offensive representations. Michael Grade, Controller of Programmes at the BBC, has been heard to say that they will no longer cover beauty contests. David Bowie talks publicly of the dilemma of showing naked women in our culture.

Small victories though they are, they do at least show that feminism's pressure on the institutions and people who control the circulation of images can be effective in preventing some images from appearing. The real choice for feminists now has nothing to do with censorship and freedom of expression but rather to do with how to open up the panels and committees which already regularly control images to hearing voices other than those of the government or the extreme right-wing.

There is, however, a problem with these politics. They are all very well so long as feminism has some measure of agreement about what does in fact constitute an objectionable image. Yet since I first wrote on pornography, many women — mainly lesbian and bisexual women — have challenged what they see as the comfortable assumptions which feminism had been making about sex. The debate about lesbian sado-masochism is shorthand for a much wider debate about whether or not we had been deluding ourselves with the idea of a 'wholesome' feminist sexuality which would bear no relation to its 'nasty' male counterpart.

SOME WOMEN began to argue that sexual excitation for both sexes often included the aspect of power, possibly even aggression; thus we should not be so quick to assume that male pornography has nothing to do with female sexuality. Typical of this kind of analysis was Jessica Benjamin's analysis of the pornographic *Story of O* in the collection *Desire*, edited by Snitow, Stansell and Thompson (Virago 1984). She argued that the story was arousing for both sexes in spite of its intensely masochistic portrayal of women's sexuality, because sadism and masochism are essential components of all sexuality.

According to Jessica Benjamin, sadism and masochism in both boy and girl child derive from the infant's 'erotic' relationship with its mother. Basing her ideas on psychoanalytic material, Jessica Benjamin suggests that the erotic relation with the mother is far from a cosy, sensuous simple relationship.

It also includes other elements, particularly those deriving from the dialectic in the child of dependency on the one hand and a need for separateness on the other. She suggests that the child has two predominant fantasies. One is a fantasy of the all-powerful mother who will do everything for the child, control it totally and never let go. Should this 'really' happen the child would in effect be destroyed since it would never become autonomous. The other fantasy is of the child's omnipotence. It can demand everything of the mother, get everything from her, abolish the separation between them. Again if this should actually succeed, it would be disastrous since the mother would metaphorically disappear and the child would then feel abandoned. The 'healthy' child is supposed to emerge from somewhere between these two fantasies.

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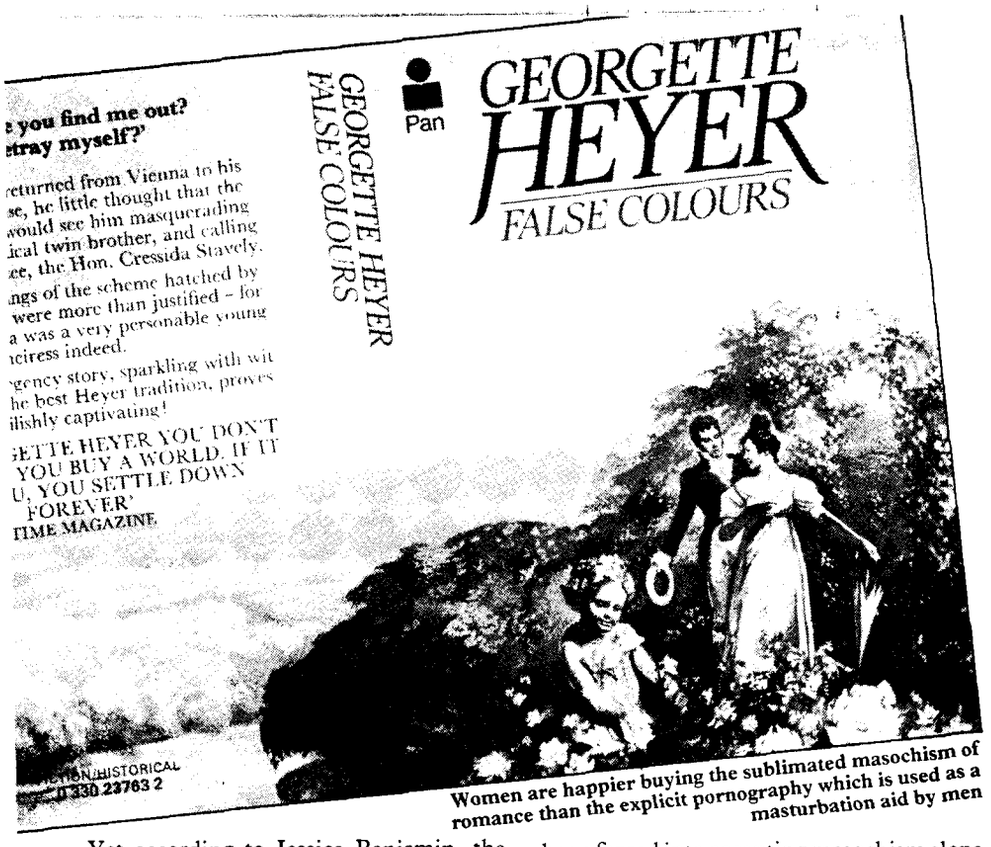

Women are happier buying the sublimated masochism of romance than the explicit pornography which is used as a masturbation aid by men

Yet according to Jessica Benjamin, the fantasies remain in our unconscious and form our adult sexuality which is precisely all about abolishing and maintaining separation with another human being. Adult sexuality is infused, she says, with this tension between the desire for the other to take total control (masochism) and the desire for the destruction of the other so that you can experience your own separation and mastery (sadism).

Whatever anyone may think about the particularities of this account of adult sexuality, it is at least beginning to explore aspects of pornography previously ignored. These are the aspects of what precisely is sexual arousal and how it relates to the socially-sanctioned fantasies of sadism and masochism. Previously feminists had talked about pornography as if it were simply offensive without ability to arouse. But the 'problem' (and no man would ever put it like that) is that explicit sexual imagery is often arousing, often against our will.

IDEAS LIKE Jessica Benjamin's are important because they do force us to be more honest and more analytical about sexual fantasies. But the politics which derive from her position are less easy to accept.

Her ideas are typical of a lobby within feminism which is much more tolerant towards porn. Their politics derive from the belief that women have no outlet through which they can explore their own sexuality. 'Male pornography' is seen as giving expression to *both* sadism and masochism so that men who use porn are able to explore fantasies of domination *and* submission. According to this argument, women have not had the freedom to recognise these forces in themselves and for this reason have been forced into accepting masochism alone which, unlike sadism, is culturally approved for women.

Some of this argument seems plausible. Male porn certainly offers up scenarios of men's masochistic submission as well as sadistic intent towards women. And in the absence of any men prepared to talk openly and seriously about sexual fantasy, women have to speculate that these fantasies are not uncommon.

Yet the argument also has a serious weakness in that it doesn't take seriously the *context* of pornography, by which I mean the very different attitudes and uses which most men and women have for pornography. The happy bisexual state where both sexes can give safe expression to the urge to dominate and submit doesn't seem to exist, and nor can it be brought about by more women being made to look at pornography if it 'disgusts' them (even if this disgust is a sign of denial). Most women still prefer the sublimated masochism of romance to explicit pornographic material and feel uneasy rather than envious about men's use of pornography.

THIS DIFFERENCE ALMOST certainly derives from that much neglected aspect of pornography, the fact that it is still largely destined for private masturbatory activities. It's easy to see why this aspect of pornography is overlooked. After all, porn is so often exchanged publicly between men, and men go in groups to porn cinemas and strip clubs. Yet the fact is that most pornographic images are destined to aid masturbation and men and women have radically different feelings about such activity. It's the *difference* in men's and women's attitudes to arousal which is neglected by the more libertarian pro-porn lobby in feminism. Yet it's precisely this difference which is at the root of the overwhelming sense many feminists have that current porn is much more of a problem than a panacea.

Views on masturbation haven't really changed since the sex reformers. Boys are taught that as long as it's private and unspoken, masturbation is healthy. It's a biological function, like going to the toilet, only more romantic. There's no such tacit agreement amongst girls. Masturbation is still surrounded by silence and guilt. The male view of masturbation derives from a highly functional view of sex, a view which sees too much 'frustrated' desire as a bad thing, and 'release' from sexual tension as a good thing.

Pornography enters guiltlessly into men's lives almost as a health aid. Anyone who wants to think of sex in different terms is seen as 'repressive' and denying the physical reality of sex. But the fact is that although women have always masturbated, they have never shared this discharge view of sex, and the anxiety which women have about men's use of pornography is precisely about this functional view. Women don't dislike the idea of men masturbating but they do dislike the idea that everywhere in our culture images of women's bodies, women's breasts and women's genitals, are available for men to use in securing a release for a pressing functional need. Far from wanting to join in the play of sadism and masochism, women feel hostile to men's repeated use of tawdry sexual clichés to secure themselves physical relief.

The fear, enhanced by evidence of sexual harassment of women and sexual attacks, is that this *functional* view of women's bodies will spill over onto real women. This may not be true; but the fact remains of a gulf between men's and women's view of sex. What's at stake for most women is whether men's views of men can be changed.

It's here that one becomes most conscious of the limitations of posing the debate entirely in terms of pornography or no pornography. Far more of a problem than images of explicit sex is the general circulation of images (as in advertising and page three nudes) which repeat to men over and over again that women are available to meet men's sexual needs.

Pornography then has a context which weighs down on whatever private fluidity the fantasies might offer. It's this context which means I am not fully converted by more recent arguments for feminism to be more tolerant of pornography. And while we continue analysing what different images mean to different people, it remains important for feminism to force all our deliberations (and perhaps some of our doubts) onto the consciousness of the bodies which already control the circulation of images in this society. □

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Death in Venice

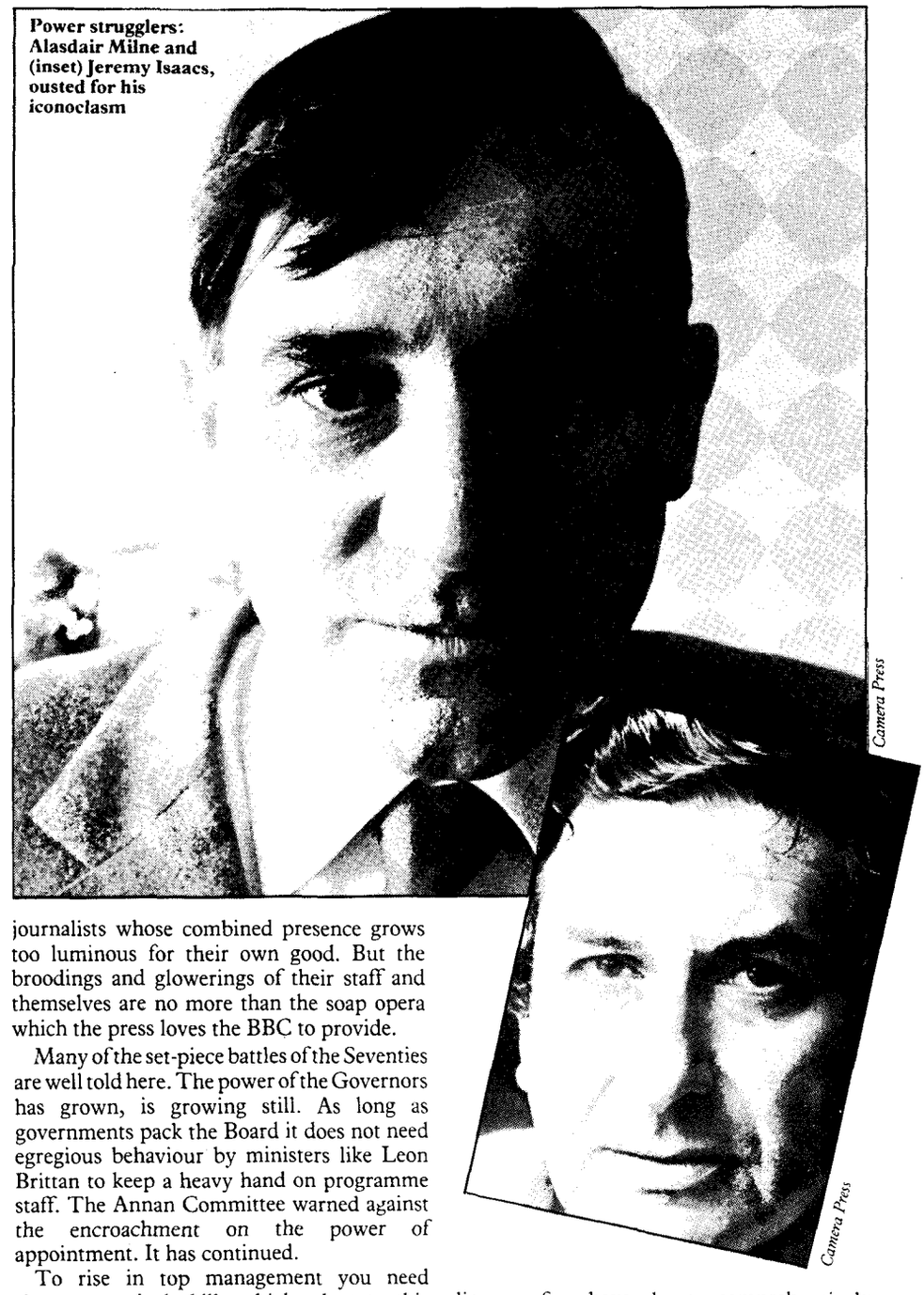
Phillip Whitehead

The Last Days of the Beeb
MICHAEL LEAPMAN *Allen & Unwin* £12.95

IN THESE LAST pre-Peacock days — when many have arrived at Michael Leapman's conclusion that the old BBC aspidistra has finally split its pot, so that 'to stay healthy, it needs to be divided and put in fresh compost; then new plants can be propagated from the old' — a book about the BBC's struggle to preserve the universality of its output and appeal is welcome.

This tale of decline and fall has not, it should be said, found its Gibbon. The important point that Leapman is making about the decrepitude of the 'one BBC' theology often gets lost in a mass of anecdotage. But, in the end, it does arrive and it is at all times funky. The chapters take their titles from traditional BBC programmes (though they could have been more appropriately borrowed from some of the zanier shows on Channel 4: *Who Dares Wins a Day of Rough Shooting with Alasdair Milne*, for example) and there are ripping yarns in plenty. The story of Milne's removal of Aubrey 'Axel' Singer after a day of convivial slaughter on the Berkshire Downs shows how tough it has got at the top of the BBC. More recently, Dick Francis has been dismissed in even more casual fashion. Like the good gossip columnist he was, Leapman can salt these tales with direct quotes. His shoulder must be moist from the many executives who have wept on it, with the weepiest of all providing the most intimate (and trivial) of revelations.

'A bit like the Kremlin, surely?' one of Milne's resident intellectuals asked him, after the fall of Singer. I wonder. The parallel's been made before, notably by Stuart Hood in a fine piece in *Encounter* after his own resignation as Controller of Programmes 20 years ago. He referred to the endless obsession with the Corporation 'line', the ability to rise if you could anticipate changes in it by some few minutes, the outer darkness to which you plunged if you clung loyally to the old line for too long. The story unfolded here, however, is more like that of the last years of the Venetian Republic: the over-extension; the exhausted tradition; the long, unnoticed decline and the splendours that remained; the intrigues within the *serenissima* of the Board of Management; even the snooping of the M15 spooks in Room 105 — the BBC's very own '*bocche di leone*'. We need not wonder why the kissing had to stop. The problem is that the anecdotes, the first-class gossip of mirth and folly, get in the way of the argument. Eighteen pages of the saga of Dessie and Essie and the reasons, some good, some bad, why Kensington House producers objected to their tandem role, is about 17 pages too much. Wilcox and Rantzen are talented



Power strugglers: Alasdair Milne and (inset) Jeremy Isaacs, ousted for his iconoclasm

Camera Press

Camera Press

journalists whose combined presence grows too luminous for their own good. But the broodings and glowerings of their staff and themselves are no more than the soap opera which the press loves the BBC to provide.

Many of the set-piece battles of the Seventies are well told here. The power of the Governors has grown, is growing still. As long as governments pack the Board it does not need egregious behaviour by ministers like Leon Brittan to keep a heavy hand on programme staff. The Annan Committee warned against the encroachment on the power of appointment. It has continued.

To rise in top management you need sinuous survival skills which adapt to this ultimate external constraint. It is no surprise that a radical temperament is the one thing not noticeable among the top 40. Their tunes are all much the same. The list of iconoclasts and non-conformists eased out would staff an entire broadcasting channel; indeed, from Jeremy Isaacs downwards, it already does so.

Funding has become the crucial constraint. The BBC tried to move into ever wider areas. Its candid friends warned (Annan with local radio, Whitelaw with satellite broadcasting) that it was over-extended. In the expansive days when the home as leisure centre was being equipped with colour TV sets, the BBC's licence fee income was rising to match its imperial aims. Today, the new investments in the home, the VCR and the video camera, are parasitic on television but contribute nothing to public service funding. The surveys which appeared to show that the public wanted advertising to replace the licence fee have been comprehensively discredited by Steven Barnett, in a study which appeared too late for Leapman's book. Variants on the licence fee can survive, possibly linked with subscription, but they are likely to be targetted rather than universal, for more than one public service outlet.

The alternative is the market, the hidden hand and the hidden handshake. The least thought-through of the conclusions in this book are those on how governments might prevent a fragmented public service being vulnerable to the Murdoch/Maxwell hegemony, the global empires of press, TV, movie archives and international satellites. Tendered franchises for ITV, a free-standing Channel 4, the BBC's popular parts sold off . . . It is all very close and represents the greatest shift in power relations in Britain since the War. We cannot spare too long for tales of Venetian decline where these new Bonapartes threaten.

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FICTION

El Dorado

Liz Heron

Memory of Fire 1 genesis
EDUARDO GALEANO trans. CEDRIC BELFRAGE *Quartet* £11.95

IT WAS the aftermath of the Cuban Revolution that turned Europe's eyes towards the cultural tumult of Latin America. The notorious British reluctance to publish in translation ensured that what's become known as the Latin American literary boom got off to a slow start here, but, since the early Seventies, regular shipments conveying the terrors and marvels of the New World have been delivered to our shores: a process in which history mimics the responses of those who held out their hands for the riches of the Conquest. Like them we are dazzled and filled with wonderment; in place of the gold, we have magic realism.

The necessity for allegory and extravagant symbolism as camouflage against the censors explains in part the growth of these fantastic fictions. But, as the writers themselves have often reminded us in interviews and speeches, their material already exists in the baroque contusions of Latin America's past and present.

Magic realism also makes sense as an imaginative engagement with Latin American history as it is lived out in the unconscious, where it exerts a subterranean grip on contemporary societies. In a continent where the ghosts of history's crimes and defeats survive in the hybrid inheritance of their descendants, in the extremes of economic development, in the coexistence of hunger, illiteracy and great wealth and in the near re-enactment of early barbaric expressions of political power, it is not hard to understand creative compulsions to retrieve what was lost or despoiled by giving history multiple imaginative possibilities. These compulsions have produced fictions of voracious scope and size. As Carlos Fuentes has said: 'Our problem is that we feel we have everything to write about. That we have to fill four centuries of silence.'

Eduardo Galeano is a Uruguayan writer whose *Memory of Fire*, a projected trilogy, has the avowed intention of rescuing America's history from silence and expropriation. This first, substantial volume is subtitled *genesis* and it spans the period up to 1700. Its form is unique: over 300 fragments of fictionalised historical chronology that draw on specific written sources: political, cultural and anthropological studies; folklore; journalism; fiction and poetry; and the contemporary chronicles, letters and diaries of those who took part in the Conquest.

Creation myths and stories of the dawn of indigenous cultures precede the beginning of dated chronology in 1492: the year of Columbus's 'discovery' and also the year in which Spain expelled the Jews and drove the Moors from their last redoubt in Granada, simultaneously establishing the strangling orthodoxy of Catholicism and draining the country of economic vitality. Galeano's style is lyrical and smooth and this, by and large, is a good translation, spoiled only by occasional linguistic anachronisms and incongruities. His technique is to bring us to the threshold of historical experience evoked in an episode, a scene, a portrait or a dialogue, and hold us there as blinking witnesses. Only rarely does he fail to convey this immediacy. The horrors and cruelties of the prolonged bloody saga of dispossession that wiped out Indian civilisations in the greed for gold and slaves; the monstrosities of the Inquisition; the picaresque crew of saints and sinners, dupes and con men; the humanists and the fanatics; the scholars and poets: all come to brilliant momentary life. Some pieces carry the weight of a parable, the force of a nightmare vision and, often, the ironic sorrow of a lament.

It is an expansive technique, offering a personal and allusive view of history while suggesting that history is multiple and only to be apprehended through imaginative recognition of its incompleteness: what has been stolen, destroyed, suppressed or misremembered. Galeano conjures many such moments: the flames that devour the last books of Spanish-Islamic culture, the ashes of eight centuries of Mayan literature, the customs outlawed, the scholarly manuscripts seized: like those of Bernardino de Sahagún, whose 40-year labour of recording Mexican and Toltec cultures fell foul of Philip II: '*so that no original or translation of them should remain*'.

As the centuries pass there are intimations of the colonial advance into North America and, throughout, there is the corollary of Spain's history, its economic parasitism and the decline that will take it into a backwardness remote from Europe's coming Enlightenment. But the book's map is of Latin America and its mythic hoard of grotesque, macabre and fantastic images. As a coherent fiction it frustrates, for there are too many stories for any to resonate for long, but it proposes innumerable embryonic narratives. Reading them illuminates the dreams and realities that pervade the other fictions we know from that continent.

Eliza smiles

Paul May

She prayed to her sirens, simple ocean
pearls,
When she undressed. It was another tongue.

Young Sir picked her up on her manners
And blew hot and cold. He found fault

And stuffed it with Brummagem;
It's the only language you people understand.

She wished for the travelling fair
Where she'd sparkled for the great man:

The Lovely, the Delightful . . .
They drank her, something wicked.

Gas flowers from the wall each four o'clock
When Eliza smiles and comes to knock.

Master doesn't know she exists. She appears
With a bright tray, laden with a memory
game.

FICTION

Love hurts

Sheila MacLeod

Nothing Natural
JENNY DISKI *Methuen* £9.95
Devotions
PATRICIA BARRIE *Chatto* £9.95
The Good Mother
SUE MILLER *Gollancz* £9.95
Coming to Birth
MARJORIE OLUDHE MACGOYE *Heinemann* £10.95
Mud
NICKY EDWARDS *Women's Press* £8.95 & £3.95

IF THERE IS a common theme to these five first novels, all written by women, it is that of the conflicts engendered by close

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relationships. In each the central figure is a woman attempting to come to terms with herself in relation to men, other women or children. The context may vary from London to Boston to Nairobi, but the women are all asking themselves the same sort of questions about notions of female self-respect and integrity.

Jenny Diski's **Nothing Natural** centres with illuminating precision on a sadomasochistic relationship. Rachel is in her thirties, a single parent admired by her friends for her self-sufficiency. Love-and-marriage is a package she has never been tempted to buy, however superficially attractive the wrapping. But when she meets the compelling, sinister Joshua she discovers another side to herself. Soon she is begging him to beat and bugger her, and enjoying it as she has never enjoyed sex (or anything else) before. In a sense which horrifies her, she has found herself.

The contrast between Rachel's life as mother and teacher and her sexual behaviour couldn't be more marked. An episode involving one of her illiterate teenage pupils, driven to suicide by an uncaring adult world, serves to illustrate her common sense and compassion. But it also points to a parallel in Rachel's own life: her wretched childhood where she was neglected by her constantly quarrelling parents. Rachel has survived by avoiding emotional closeness, but Joshua shows her how much, and at what price, she really craves it. Not surprisingly, she cracks up. But her self-directed anger eventually finds its true outlet and she is temporarily freed. Jenny Diski tells Rachel's story unsparingly,but with perfect judgment, and her book is valuable not only for its documentary revelations but as an outstandingly well-written novel.

A similarly tortured relationship dominates Patricia Barrie's **Devotions,** but here the sadomasochism is less overt and the participants father and daughter. Anna has been brought up by her widowed father, a sarcastic martinet who believes in punishing her physically and often viciously for her own good. Pathetically enough, she does her best to please him and to win his love. When she is 18, he suffers a stroke which reduces him to speechlessness and partial paralysis. Here is the opportunity for liberation or revenge, but Anna cannot take it and her father continues to

Be-ing and no-thingness

Jenny Turner

PLUTO'S RECENTLY launched and question-beggingly named series of 'Liberation Classics' may be finding an identity for itself — on the evidence of its latest titles — as an imprint for books largely forgotten since Black Power's heyday in the Seventies. Frantz Fanon's **Black Skin, White Masks**, translated by Charles Lam Markmann (Pluto, £4.95), tends to be overshadowed by Fanon's later call to violence as in itself a liberating act, but, as Homi Bhaba says in his excellent reintroduction, Fanon's analysis of crippled colonial mentalities may be, in all its strengths and weaknesses, even more salient now than it was then.

For one thing, Fanon takes his psychosexual emblems from the writings of Afro-Caribbeans, themselves criminally forgotten. For another, the chapter in which Fanon traces his own *Bildung* through racist culture is a million times better than more recent attempts at autobiography-by-psychoanalysis. Most importantly — a point taken up and thrashed hard by Bhaba — way back in 1952 Fanon was already criticising Lacanian psychoanalysis for its refusal to acknowledge the prior existence of political oppression.

If He Hollers Let Him Go (Pluto, £3.95) was Chester Himes's first novel, published in 1945, before he got into the Harlem cop stories for which he is better known. As the story of a Black man slowly destroyed by covert racism who turns to murder and violating white women, it bears reading in tandem with Fanon. Though the theme is similar to Richard Wright's more 'classic' *Native Son*, Himes's book is much better; like all good gumshoes, Himes is a painstaking realist and immaculate stylist.

Another two 'liberation classics': **Beyond God the Father** (Women's Press, £4.95) being the second book of Mary Daly, that most liberated of all women's liberation writers; **The Jargon of Authenticity**, translated by Knut Tarnowski and Frederic Will (Routledge, £4.95) being that stony figurehead of European Marxist Intellectuals' Lib, Theodor Adorno's critique of modern hermeneutical philosophy.

Beyond God the Father is not as joyous a read as Daly's later *Gyn/Ecology* or *Pure Lust*. To be honest, it is a slog. Daly is engaged on a detailed critique of the Church, a crucial task and one which leaves little room for the neologising, punning, Verb-ing, Be-ing of the later books. Daly tends to rip through things rather hastily, as if she's had enough of the task and can't wait to get rid of it; a little less mileage and more (oh dear) penetrating analysis might have saved her from the equivocation with which — even here — she embarrassedly refers to her 'androgynous' solution, the conceptual failure of which leads in the later books to her finding everything except Spiralling, Verb-ing, Be-ing beneath contempt.

The Jargon of Authenticity is even more of a slog. Published in 1964 as a prolegomenon to the massive *Negative Dialectic*, it could well be seen as a postscript to *The Authoritarian Personality*, Adorno's study of what makes people turn to fascism. The immanent method of critical theory wends a subtle path around buzzwords from Heidegger, Jaspers and lesser phenomenologists, suggesting their dialectical dependence on the methods of bureaucracy, advertising, the entire system of mediations by which capital works. Adorno's is a 'melancholy science', aimed at deconstructing any attempt to rebuild unities from the 'necessarily damaged life' lived under capital, and should be required reading for all readers and writers of those perishing and manifold Media Studies Made Simple and Trendy manuals.

The second thing people usually learn about Sylvia Plath is that she denigrated her poetry in favour of mostly failed attempts to be a flashy short story writer. **Johnny Panic and the Bible of Dreams** (Faber, £3.95) collects all her stories from the 'more successful' — but still strained — to the unfinished. Her **Letters Home** (Faber, £7.95) deepen the impression of a cheery, capable, ambitious and very talented young woman with a terrible block the size of a pea hidden somewhere beneath. I never understood this until I read *The Feminine Mystique*, Betty Friedan's book about the expectations and neuroses conditioned into white middle-class American girls in the Fifties, after which I understood only too well.

I don't think even Friedan can help figure out the sugar-and-spice-and-all-things-bratty heroines of Ellen Gilchrist's latest gallery of beautiful, rich, witty and incredibly screwed-up Southern belles in **Victory Over Japan** (Faber, £3.50). But Gilchrist is a really excellent writer, and when her characters insinuate themselves onto your critical lap lisping lines like 'I was getting to be more like my mother every day. My mother is a saint', it is hard not to titter indulgently and forgive all.

'The population at large,' writes Dennis Nilsen, are 'bound together by a collective ignorance of themselves and what they are.' This much is obvious, but whether the population at large is yet ready to accept judgment from a convicted mass murderer is another matter. It is a credit to Brian Masters's calm and thoughtful **Killing for Company: The Case of Dennis Nilsen** (Coronet, £2.95) that it's possible to consider such things with little discomfort other than a salutary sense of the absurd. Daly, Fanon and Adorno each in their own way expose the absurdity and brutality lurking just behind our favourite clichés, and Masters's almost testamental approach to this quiet man from the Broch, this sad nonscene gay stuck with the scene, good trade unionist and mass murderer, strikes me as more useful than moral outrage. I'm not convinced by Masters's ropey analysis of Nilsen in terms of a narcissistic association of love and death, which covers just about every Western man who has ever put pen to paper, let alone hands to throat; still, this is an important book whch screams to be read. □

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dominate her life. When she marries, he comes to live with her and her husband and she finds herself to be sexually frigid. She realises that it is not until her beloved father dies that she can ever be truly free. The narration is shared between Anna and her father, her testimony being notable for its lack of rancour and his for a half-conscious sadism which is quietly horrifying. This is a careful, understated novel, all the more powerful for its absence of histrionics and its reluctance to apportion blame.

Sue Miller's Anna is another single parent, more or less amicably divorced but supporting herself with some difficulty as a piano teacher in a Boston suburb. Her daughter Molly is the most important person in her life until she meets Leo, an artist whose unconventional behaviour she finds liberating and rejuvenating. Their love affair, unlike Anna's marriage, is passionate and all-involving. When Molly goes to stay with her father she hints that Leo has sexually molested her and Anna is deprived of her custody. There is no doubt that Leo is innocent of molestation, although guilty of an impropriety (he allowed the curious child to touch his penis as he emerged from a shower) which is enough to bring him to trial. Anna is forced to a painful choice between sexual and maternal love. **The Good Mother** may be overlong and a touch schematic, but it identifies a genuine female dilemma with painstaking conviction.

Maternal love is also a central theme of Marjorie Oludhe Macgoye's **Coming to Birth**, which won the 1986 Sinclair Prize. It covers the years from the mid-Fifties to the present and tells the story of one woman's struggle for independence in parallel to that of her country, Kenya. Paulina is only 16 when she marries Martin, a fellow-member of the Luo tribe, and goes to live with him in a shanty-town suburb of Nairobi. They are wretchedly poor, he beats her and she miscarries twice. After that it seems she can have no more children and the marriage falls apart. Paulina's childlessness is her shame, but she manages to support herself by producing and teaching needlework. Miraculously she has a son by another lover, only to see him shot dead some two years later during the disturbances which followed the death of Tom Mboya. But, in spite of the hardships it portrays, this is fundamentally a joyous novel and Paulina is eventually rewarded with pregnancy at the age of 38. By this time she has already won dignity and status for herself by other means and the old values of tribalism are reconciled with those of the newly-independent state.

In **Mud** Nicky Edwards takes it for granted that relationships among women are all-important. Jo has spent a year at the Greenham peace camp and has no patience with male brutality, whether that of policemen or the warmongering state in general. Obsessed by war, she intends to write a play about World War I and in the course of her researches meets Ada, an 83-year-old woman whose husband was killed at Ypres. The relationship changes her unexpectedly and the play is dropped. *Mud* is a lively, intelligent novel and more serious than its often facetious tone might suggest. □

CARTOONS

Jas. Clogley & Sons
FINE COTTON & KARN
FINE
Every lad in t'works were after her but you couldn't marry boss's daughter in them days.
PUNCH 3 DECEMBER 1969

Cloggies on the wall

Ian Williams

Bill Tidy
Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool

TABLOID CARTOONISTS don't usually have clout in the art world; even far more exalted cartoonists are meant to be dead before they're awarded serious critical acclaim. But Bob Maxwell's abrupt termination of Bill Tidy's *Fosdyke Saga* in the *Mirror* — though it may have lost that paper its intellectual kudos — seems to have given the still very much alive Tidy some cultural cachet.

The Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool has treated Tidy to all the respect and trimmings worthy of the serious deceased, hosting a Bill Tidy retrospective of almost 30 years of prototype Cloggies, Fosdykes and Grimbledon Downs. And it isn't just Liverpool sentimentally doting on a favourite son, for the show goes on tour to ten further cities after it's finished at the Walker*; it's recognition of the social and artistic significance of an artist of extraordinary breadth of appeal. With strips in the *New Scientist*, the *Listener*, *Today*, *What's Brewing* and *General Practitioner*, there is both range and an uncompromising irreverence, which may offend purists and is probably intended to.

Pompous Scientists, Listeners, CAMRA enthusiasts and GPs all have something to choke on. Tidy's for real ale, proper fish and chips, the National Health and BBC Radio (especially since they serialised the Cloggies) but he'll lampoon 'bearded archetypal Trotskyite real ale freaks', BBC announcers, grasping GPs and all the oversentimentalised facets of Northern Life.

The scarcity of direct political reference in his work doesn't imply an apolitical outlook. He envies David Low: 'Look at the material he had to work with, the postures of Mussolini, Stalin, Hitler and Churchill. Perhaps TV destroyed the demagogue; today's politicians have such a disappointing physical presence.' He considers the first failure of any political figure to be pomposity. The inability to laugh at yourself is symptomatic of a deeper lack of humanity. He was discussing a strip with the *Guardian* but seems unclear as to who scared whom out of the idea. In a tautological way, he doesn't like the type of *Guardian* reader who wouldn't like his work.

One Tidy cartoon about Liverpool sums up the city — and press reactions to it — wonderfully; but isn't having a Black character with a Scouse accent treading on white liberal toes? Tidy, bemused, was once ordered to change a Black character to a Chinese one by an editorial knee-jerk fear of . . . what? Don't the Chinese mind? Don't Blacks have a sense of humour?

Liverpool is *sui generis*. Geographically it is Northern, but its metropolitan pretensions enable its citizenry to pretend that it isn't provincial. Lancastrians are known as Woollybacks and regarded as funny in

* *Bill Tidy's drawings are on show at the Walker until 29 June. After that, they will tour Northampton, Cardiff, Worcester, Preston, Wolverhampton, Edinburgh, Bradford, London, Norwich and Nottingham.*

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themselves by native Liverpudlians. (It has to be said that they, in turn, think Scousers are a weird breed.) Tidy still looks amazed as he remembers the first time he went across the city limits through one of the sharpest linguistic barriers in the world, between Liverpool and Lancashire. 'These people were *funny*, they spoke, ate, dressed and even *thought* differently.'

Tidy's Liverpudlian roots are obvious in his depiction of women. On one level, there is the parody of the archetypal, northern male complacency. Through it, however, there occur glimpses of the submerged matriarchy, the naked power of northern womanhood, the women who staffed the factories for a century before middle-class women started working in the First World War.

But where does the Blagdon Amateur Rapist of the Cloggies fit into the world of metropolitan Feminism? Somewhere between the hen party and male strippers of northern towns and the *Guardian* women's page?

Tidy's response is that any subject too solemn to joke about is, by definition, impossible to take seriously, which is why most of his successful work does have an underlying seriousness of subject. He is opposed not only to fast food and keg beer, but to pollution and snobbishness, to pretentiousness from all walks of life. One of the most effective weapons against all of those things is humour, the weapon of the oppressed everywhere, and the first qualification for a humourist is to be able to laugh at yourself.

But humour is hard work. Tidy has developed his technique from the graphic equivalent of the Brownie-box snapshot to the cinematic breadth of an Eisenstein. His frames swoop and circle in perspective; he has crowd scenes, telling vignettes. A pram may be covered in soot, but it tells a tale as eloquently as if it were tumbling down the Odessa steps. The detail is minute, but significant without condescension. And who else could risk introducing 'The Gestapo Wagnerian Opera Ensemble', with its tastelessness and its alien class ambience, to the *Mirror* readership? □

OPERA

The right note

Andrew Clements

Henze's Operas
Radio 3

HANS WERNER HENZE will be 60 at the beginning of next month. He has retained a soft spot in British musical life for the last quarter century and, inevitably, there is a generous sprinkling of birthday tributes, including the first performance in this country of his impressive and substantial Seventh Symphony at the Proms. But Radio 3's own way of marking the anniversary has been to mount a series of broadcasts of Henze's operas, which so far has taken in three of the most important works in his output — *Elegy for Young Lovers*, *The Bassarids* and *König Hirsch* — and which promises a studio production of the most recent, *The English Cat*, in the birthday week.

When I wrote about the Seventh Symphony and a songcycle, *Orpheus Behind the Wire*, a few months ago, I suggested that Henze's consistently erratic talent seemed currently to be in the middle of a strikingly fertile phase; listening again to the operas of the late '50s and '60s I was struck by the amount of first-class music they contain. There was unevenness in all of them, but the instinctive knack of finding the right lyrical shape for a line of text is something which has remained with Henze throughout his career. *The Bassarids* is the only one of the three I've seen in the opera house, though the London Sinfonietta did mount a semi-staged version of *Elegy* in the Elizabeth Hall in March as its birthday gift to the composer, and that was the performance broadcast by the BBC. Even supported by memories of a stage picture, *The Bassarids* remains the least convincing of them, matching Auden and Kallman's overwrought libretto with music that sometimes seems to verge upon Straussian self-delusion: Henze's confidence in his musical language is such that he sets it impossible dramatic tasks, which hopelessly overload the structure. A streak of self-indulgence has often characterised his less successful pieces and *The Bassarids* often threatens to topple into that trap.

Taken together *König Hirsch* (broadcast in its original full-length version from 1955) and *Elegy for Young Lovers* (1961) show Henze first of all putting together his own flexible style from serial Schoenberg and neoclassical Stravinsky, clothing it in exotic instrumental colours and then setting it to work. There are passages in *Elegy* that sound uncannily close to Boulez's *Marteau sans maître*, with spare, sharply etched instrumental solos used to underpin exacting vocal lines, but the effect in operatic terms is perfectly traditional and achieves its most convincing dramatic power in quite conventional terms. Auden and Kallman conceived their libretto for *Elegy* as a tribute to Hoffmanstahl, to *Arabella* in particular, and for all their verbal conceits it remains a thoroughly usable and theatrically viable text to which Henze responded with some of his finest operatic music.

For Henze is essentially a composer in a recognisable tradition. Despite his magpie instincts and his early flirtation with the post-Webern avant garde, as well as his period of overt, left-wing political engagement, he is at his best when set the age-old task of finding a musical metaphor for a text, whether for the opera house or concert hall. There's less margin for error in opera, which is perhaps the reason that all of his stage works are more or less flawed; at the same time they contain his greatest music. The scene towards the end of *Elegy*, in which the two lovers of the title prepare for death, is done with wonderful understatement: the text here is direct and moving, and it would have been so easy to overload it with sumptuous, sub-Puccini emotionalism; Henze's restraint allows the text to register, as well as to emerge deepened and enhanced. Moments like that, in all the operas, are proof of his quite special talent. □

CINEMA

Criminal women

Adam Mars-Jones

Police (15)
Lumiere, Renoir, Cannon Chelsea
Compromising Positions (15)
Plaza, Lower Regent Street

TWO OF THIS WEEK'S releases could have been made expressly to explode the stereotypes of a richly humane French cinema and a brusquely exploitative American film industry. Maurice Pialat's **Police** is a film set entirely in an underworld of crime and detection. If you removed from it those engaged in or dependent on illicit activity (prostitutes, pimps, pushers, lawyers, policemen), the screen would be perfectly empty.

This passes for grittiness and realism and there is certainly a frisson in hearing a prostitute complain that her pimp hasn't mastered the police technique of beating her up without leaving marks, which are bad for business. But there is also an element of reactionary fantasy in all the suspects arrested turning out, after violent interrogation, to be guilty. The film's hero Mangin (Gérard Depardieu) doesn't hesitate to break the nose of the one likely innocent on offer, a suspect who has been cleared in an identification parade. The injured man later claims to harbour no grudge, as if being under suspicion was a crime in itself, with brutality the statutory punishment.

In spite of its immersion in a corrupt milieu, *Police* dissolves into a tortured romance between Mangin and Noria (Sophie Marceau), the girlfriend and accomplice of a Tunisian he arrested in the first reel. By the end of the film Mangin is covering up a theft of Noria's and can claim no more than a technical allegiance to the forces of order. The romance is less than involving, because it so clearly occupies a space hollowed out from police work and has no links with any life outside. But the stereotypes used to bolster the romance are also notably crude.

Noria's Arab boyfriend feels she belongs to him, even though he is in jail. He cheerfully promises her death if she steps out with another. Next to this deep-dyed chauvinism, Mangin's is meant to show up as a pastel shade. Noria points out to Mangin that French attitudes are not necessarily any better, but she is conducting a search of his trousers at the time and her preference is clear. Then, too, Mangin turns out (incredibly, given his normal level of violence), never to have shot at anyone, so he has at least a ballistic virginity to offer her.

Mangin says: 'My mom didn't love me, so I'm getting even with women.' Noria, walking away at the end of the film, says: 'I can't give a man what he needs, and you've taught me not to lie.' (These lines would earn derisive laughs if spoken in English rather than French.) It's

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never made clear why Mangin can blame others for his nature while Noria must shoulder the burden of hers. Noria's attractiveness in turn is boosted by contrasting her with a policewoman who wouldn't last until the first commercial break in an episode of *Hill Street Blues*: a dim go-getter who was clearly issued with her femininity at the same time as her badge and can't get the hang of either. From *Police*, you might think that only criminality brought out the competence in a woman.

Crime brings out the competence in Judith (Susan Sarandon), the heroine of Frank Perry's **Compromising Positions**, in a different way, since the crime in question is the murder of her dentist, which she eventually solves. The film is close kin to *Desperately Seeking Susan* and badly in need of a similarly catchy title. It starts with a classic Hitchcockian image, of the heroine in the chair, on the receiving end of both dental treatment and a sexual advance.

Thereafter the film becomes a genial comedy-thriller. Sarandon's tense, exophthalmic face makes her a natural to play likeably off-centre heroines. Her character tries to take up a lapsed journalistic career by investigating the philandering dentist's murder and is never mocked for her attempts to combine this with her roles as wife and mother. On her way to a police stake-out she will remind her husband (who clearly feels that her professional identity has been revoked by marriage) that she promised Joey he could sleep with his little yellow truck; discussing her tangled emotions with a woman friend at the ice-rink she doesn't forget to warn her daughter of the dangers of skating backwards. It is the men in the film who alternate unstably between making domestic demands and being so bound up in their careers that they are unavailable as people.

Compromising Positions is no masterpiece, but it delivers more than enough pleasure to be getting on with. There are some good dentistry jokes; there is a wide range of female characters. It is refreshingly low on gender-specific suspense: that is, women are not felt to be taking additional risks, when embarking on a speculative course of action, simply by being female. A detective nags Judith not to open her door to callers without asking who's there and, though she's slow to learn the lesson, she isn't punished for it; no one unwelcome ever calls. She can handle male anger: when the detective shouts, 'You're not easy,' she says only, 'Thank you.' This is also the first film I've seen in which feminist analysis plays a part in a criminal investigation. Judith notices that the dentist's many lovers were (with one crucial exception) the wives of successful men. His sexuality was status-linked.

There is a residue of stereotypical femininity in the character of Judith; she has a tendency to blurt out exactly the information she wishes to conceal. (Male blurters in the cinema seem to end up on the cutting-room floor.) But, at a time when scatty comedies about suburban housewises trying to break into new territory are the nearest that Hollywood comes to celebrating the rewards of taking risks, *Compromising Positions* deserves a hearty little welcome. □

PLANNING

A space odyssey

Jules Lubbock

It's time for a pause on the post-war journey to airy, light-filled office blocks

PALUMBO III — or is it IV? Exactly a year ago we left our hero, who wished to erect 290 posthumous feet of Mies van der Rohe next to Mansion House, with planning permission refused and his dream in shreds. Undaunted, he booked 'the world's greatest *living* architect', James Stirling, to come up with something to comply with conservationist fashion.

Well, Mr Stirling has reported not with one scheme but two, which, even though I don't want to comment in detail, I must briefly outline. One keeps the Mappin and Webb corner with its elegant Gothic turret, but would demolish all the other listed buildings on the site and pack the extra office space up to the permitted maximum into a 150-foot tower which obscures the important view of St Paul's from Cornhill. The other demolishes all the listed buildings, Mappin's included, but would only rise to 100 feet, the same as Lutyens' Midland Bank opposite.

It's a classic Catch 22. But although Mr P. has turned up another dud, he's not to blame — he is, I now admit, a man more sinned against than sinning. The real culprits are architect-planners like the late Lord Holford, who devised the regulations in force since 1948 which Palumbo has leant over backwards to comply with at every stage in this fiasco.

Which brings me back to a suggestion which I broached in my last article (*NS* 16 May): that we should revert to the very simple system of planning control used successfully before the war, whereby no building could be higher than 100 feet and must follow the line of the street. In addition, listing a building for conservation should mean that it *could not* be demolished and not, as at present, that there be a wishy-washy liberal 'presumption in favour of preservation'. With clear-cut controls, developers and architects would know where they stood. Above all, the public interest would be preserved.

Look, in contrast, at the planning rules which produced Palumbo I. There were two key controls, Plot Ratio and the Daylighting Code, designed partly to restrict office expansion in Central London in order to further regional dispersal. A Plot Ratio of 1:5 means that you can erect only five times as much office space as the area of your building site, less than half the maximum under the former 100-foot stipulation. But you were not restricted to five stories. The Daylighting Code encouraged you to use only half the site and build to ten stories, or, better still, a quarter of the site and go to 20. The theory was that the higher you built and the further apart the office blocks the more daylight there would be for office workers (I offer a prize of a dozen 60-watt light bulbs for the first reader who spots the terrible flaw in this reasoning) and the more public open space as well.

This is all rather technical, but please bear with me a little further. These tall, thin, low-density offices were only possible if lots of smaller properties were amalgamated into one large one. To this end the planners forced comprehensive development upon the developers, not vice versa, and it was common practice for site assembly to be made a precondition for planning permission. Indeed, when Mr Palumbo put his scheme to the City planners in 1968, they told him, 'Fine, just what we want, couldn't be better — just assemble the site and then we'll give you the go ahead.'

This is the key point. Mr P. did not merely obey the rules, he promised the planners the scheme of their dreams, with lots of daylight and open space, designed by their heroes Mies van der Rohe and the City's former chief planner himself, Lord Holford, the very man who invented the rules. No wonder Mr P. felt a little peeved 20 years later when, having been such a good boy, they said, 'Sorry laddy, we've changed the rules. Try again.'

So again he tried. But the new rules, if that is possible, are even more lunatic. Plot Ratios survive, there is a height limit of 200 feet, but there is also a *feeling* that skyscrapers are unacceptable in some places but not in others. Buildings are listed for conservation, but do not need to be preserved. It is like having a speed limit based upon the width of the road, the flavour of the month and the number you last thought of.

So how would *my* rules apply to Mr Palumbo? Because there are so many listed buildings on his site, which is within a conservation area, he would simply have no alternative but to rehabilitate. Indeed, had my rules been in operation, he would never have bothered to assemble the site. Elsewhere in the City, however, he would have been free to pack as much space as possible into street-hugging 100ft facades like Stirling's second scheme. The whole point is that you can pack vastly more floor space into a lowish building that covers a site from edge to edge than in a skyscraper standing on a fraction of it.

But there is another advantage to reviving the old rules. The effect of restricting office space in the City and West End through Plot Ratios was not to drive commerce up to Liverpool and Newcastle, as intended, but for offices to invade Southwark, Paddington and Euston, raising speculative land values in those inner city areas and, as the *New Statesman* presciently pointed out in 1959, helping further to erode inner London's industrial base, domestic and environmental character. Remove Plot Ratios in the City, concentrate commerce within Central London and the inner boroughs would gain some leeway to rebuild their economies and environment. It would also, probably, be the end of Canary Wharf. The proposed City of London Plan, published recently, still retains 1:5 Plot Ratios — it is not in their interests alone for these to be abandoned and for height restrictions to return. □

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THEATRE

Pigs

Benedict Nightingale

Circe and Bravo
DONALD FREED *Hampstead*
Prairie du Chien and **The Shawl**
DAVID MAMET *Theatre Upstairs*

CIRCE WAS THE BEAUTIFUL and dangerous witch, resident in Aeaea, who changed men into swine. In Donald Freed's ironic inversion of the myth she's America's First Lady, beautiful and dangerous and resident in the White House; and her accomplishment is to turn a seemingly irredeemable swine into someone rather closer to a human being. The result is, let's admit, not a lot more plausible than Homer's original; but at least it brings London Faye Dunaway and Harold Pinter to direct her, a duo that combines to give bold and fiery expression to the prime anxieties of our age.

The setting of **Circe and Bravo** is Camp David, a place evoked by glaring lights, the chug of helicopters and the equally menacing sound of impersonal voices magnified through loudspeakers. More specifically, it's a hunting lodge: hirsute trophies on the walls, a lamp made from some phallic-looking missile and other such aggressively masculine furbishings. Here comes the President's wife, code-named Circe, perhaps to be quietly killed, perhaps to be held under house-arrest. At all events, it rapidly becomes evident that she's been embarrassing her husband, as the late Martha Mitchell once embarrassed the Attorney General, by drinking, talking and even making clandestine phone-calls to prominent journalists. But the reason for her alienation is more sombre. She 'knows their dirty little nuclear secrets' and is prepared to reveal them, in last-ditch hopes of saving us from the 'endless winter' she foresees.

Part of the play's trouble, of course, is that Freed does *not* know those dirty little secrets and inevitably has to fall back on hint, warning, ominous guesswork. True, he introduces what may be little-known facts, such as that the President never travels without a henchman carrying a suitcase, codenamed Football, which contains the killer-button. But they can't finally carry more conviction than the suggestion that the White House fraternity has been cavorting with whores in the California forests. So Freed is reduced to using Dunaway's Circe as a sort of megaphone through which to transmit his more general dismay at the way things are tending in fortress America. But whether it's ruefully contrasting America's behaviour in Nicaragua with its achievements in World War Two, or taking us on a satiric tour of the White House itself, this doesn't amount to much more than a familiar paean of radical frustration, surprising only because it's expressed by a successor to Pat Nixon and Nancy Reagan.

Well, alright, it amounts to *something* more than that. Hence the relevance of Dunaway's companion onstage, a secret serviceman dressed in black suit, black tie, dark glasses, a blend of robot and mortician codenamed Bravo. Most of the evening he seems to be her moral patsy, a bare-faced excuse for her to be scathingly articulate, with his succinct snap of 'negative' whenever asked a question, his justification of nuclear war on the grounds that 'we have to stop them somewhere, to keep America free', his admission he's practised torture in Vietnam and elsewhere. As a representative of Pentagon and White House thinking he seems a pretty self-indulgent simplification.

But Bravo does have another purpose and Freed another point to make. Remember the macho furniture, the orgies in California? To them, more evidence is gradually added, prime among it Circe's memories of her adolescent experiences with sexually overambitious 'football boys'. Suddenly her and Freed's joint fingers are pointed at men's terror of impotence and their desperate compensations. Hence (it would appear) the President's nuclear swagger and the eagerness of his supporters to extinguish any spark that could be construed as weakness. Bravo is there to dramatise both this hardness and the vulnerability supposedly inside it. Somehow Circe inveigles him into his own nightmarish subconscious and he ends up first on her lap, cradling her like his mother, then beside her, seemingly offering her his solidarity.

It goes without saying that this transition from man-machine to man-tot, and perhaps from man-tot to man-person, makes impossible demands on the admirable actor playing Bravo, Stephen Jenn. But it's the implausibility, or at least the insufficiency, of the vaguely Reichian theory behind it which really matters. Is it only lack of sexual honesty, sexual confidence and skilled sexual therapy which keeps men at war and makes the nuclear holocaust an especial danger? Certainly, Freed fails to convince one that his thinking is more than wishful, leaving one to find the evening's justification in less cerebral places, such as the heart and guts. He cares; he communicates his concern; and so, formidably, does Dunaway. Whether she's taunting and mocking, or raging and sobbing, or otherwise demonstrating her range as an actress, she never succumbs to bravura for bravura's sake, never loses contact with her moral and emotional centre: Circe, the white-hot white witch, passionately transforming evil into good.

Briefly, let me recommend the double-bill by the author of *American Buffalo* and *Glengarry Glen Ross:* half a late-night ghost story, told within shooting distance of a card-hustler and his victim; half about a clairvoyant wondering whether to fleece a client of her fortune. The concerns of **Prairie du Chien** and **The Shawl** are Mamet's familiar ones. Do values exist? Is the world a jungle only? And how, finally, can we know the answer to that or anything else? Big general questions; but dramatised with a succinctness, a concreteness, an energy, a fizz and snap of which few (if any) playwrights are capable, on either side of the pond. □

TELEVISION

Male and female

Hugo Williams

YOU FEEL SLIGHTLY sadistic tuning in to the televised ravings of Jeffrey Archer's subconscious. Watching the twitchings of his nerve-ends in **Kane and Abel** (BBC1) has something of the horrified fascination of a visit to a Victorian madhouse: half glee, half shame. How bad will he be this time, you ask yourself, hoping for the worst. Like his role-models in Bedlam, Jeffrey never lets you down.

In this particular bodying-forth of his case, encouraged by the BBC, the two conflicting sides of his personality are seen locked in mortal combat, their faces suffused with strange passions. Their names are William Kane and Abel Somebody or Other; so, you see, they are not brothers. Nor does either of them kill the other. Their struggle is for the possession of Jeffrey's soul in the shape of banks, airlines, hotels, etc. This struggle lasts well into middle age, when the children of the two rivals have grown up and gone their separate ways, or so they think. For they are reckoning without their creator's need to reproduce his personality disfunction by having the offspring of his psychosis — a 'male' and a 'female' element — meet each other by a million-to-one chance in a Manhattan department store, fall instantly in love, get married and give birth to another little Jeffrey, so that the cursed Archer dynasty may continue to amaze and horrify the day-trippers in the asylum. In these so-called enlightened times, we may feel that there can be no justification — moral, aesthetic or scientific — for the callous exhibition of such unfortunate creatures to the public gaze. For, in the final analysis, it is the public, not the patient, who is the greater sufferer.

The fundamental opposition of male and female, Yang and Yin, was graphically demonstrated by Pamela Stephenson on the **Bob Monkhouse Show** (BBC1). Ms Stephenson, married to Billy 'Big Yang' Connolly and seriously pregnant, nevertheless came on bandaged from head to toe in a symbolic gesture of solidarity with the many victims of Bob Monkhouse's impressive arsenal of prejudices and preconceptions. What Bob liked about Pamela, he said, was her 'Plump people are funny' joke, said in the voice of Janet Street-Porter. Two prejudices for the price of one. Encouraged by Bob to say something else funny like Janet Street-Porter, Pamela found it difficult to know where to stop and had to be reminded by Bob of the other voices she could do. In the end she brought the house down with the help of a bazooka, which she fired at random round the studio, producing 'controlled chaos', Bob's own definition of 'humour'. Like her bandages, the symbolism of his act also escaped the carefree Bob, who now demonstrated his own humourous disposition with a joke about how to get rid of the hippy convoy once and for all: lay a trail of giros over Beachy Head.

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According to Bob, one hippy didn't know what the word 'shower' meant (small laugh) and didn't think he had to have one because he wasn't Jewish. The word 'Jewish' is the hysteria button for studio audiences and the laugh came like a thunder clap, far too soon to have been the result of understanding a joke. Like the Jeffrey Archer shindig, the show had a kind of demented anxiety going for it, which made its essential ugliness all too reprehensibly watchable to habitual voyeurs like myself. I believe I shall need help tuning, instead, to *Bookmark* next Saturday.

A very up-and-down umbrella has been the new **Love and Marriage** (ITV) series, which has so far shown four plays all apparently by different disciples of Alan Ayckbourn — and none the worse for that. The second one started with a career wife casually telling her husband, 'I saw Michael again today. His wife's dead and he's asked me to live with him,' (which naturally had me hooked) and ended with her all but losing him to the younger woman he has turned to but cannot quite convince himself he loves. The rapprochement is affected by the husband's best friend, the likeable Gary Bond, himself in love with the wife, who selflessly jolts the husband out of his sulks by making him jealous. It was a satisfyingly grown-up production, which did not prepare me for the following week's wedding-day farce by Gwen Cherrell, although this, too, had its pleasures.

'Is that why she's wearing white, to prove she isn't pregnant?' asks a kid sister, who never does anything unless she is bribed. She calls her father 'Peter', while the parents themselves call each other 'Mummy' and 'Daddy'. Most of the action, which is frantic, involves a golf-club tie planted with the best man by the bride's father in case the groom carries out his threat not to wear one. There is probably a theatrical term for this key item, which ends up round the throat of the family's dead labrador — and, yes, the groom *is* late getting to the church. 'Bride first at altar, marriage will falter,' simpers a relative. 'Excuse me, whose side are you on?' asks an usher of a hesitant wedding guest. I wonder why farces only work if they are populated exclusively by the little-finger-out branch of the middle classes. Alan Ayckbourn would know.

The most recent of the plays in the series has been the least successful so far. *The Clinger* by Martin Wade concerned a rather unreal — but also not unreal enough — attempt at infidelity in the promising context of a squash club. The device of a tournament avoided the short-circuit of an early clash with the girlfriend, but our hero is such a zero, drinking three pints of beer before his match, ringing his wife for reassurance, confessing his intentions to a convenient barmaid-cum-analyst, forgetting his racquet, then playing with two hands, that we can hardly credit it when his rather nifty-looking date changes her mind in his favour on the way home in the car. Perhaps this was a man's idea of female psychology? That a win on the squash court should return a man to his wife felt, in this rather silly production, decidedly imposed upon the evidence.

Bonny Clyde (pt 2)

Naseem Khan

The second part (part one was in NS *30 May) of Naseem Khan's report from Glasgow's Mayfest.*

YOU COULD HARDLY have missed Mayfest this year: big WELCOME civic banners stretched across the road; big MAYFEST VENUE notices on a dozen or more central city sites, and AA signs directing you to them. Even the drinking hours were extended in selected pubs (though not all the happy drinkers knew the reason — 'World Cup?', 'Clocks going forward?' — for this rare licence).

In short, this has been lift-off year for a unique annual festival. While other arts events have shivered, Mayfest has grown. Glasgow district council has massively upped its share of the festival's overall grant, from £30,000 to £100,000. Mayfest has expanded from a two-week affair to a three-week one, fielding, in the time that led up to the huge fireworks finale, a score of dance and theatre companies (from ten countries), a week of rock, late nights full of alternative cabaret, 30 exhibitions and a splendidly healthy crop of 'community' events. This is certainly no row of beans. Where will it all lead? To an imitation of the Edinburgh Festival? To Glasgow being appointed a European City of Culture in 1990, as the city's freesheet speculated? Is Mayfest — started in conjunction with the Labour movement, as a backyard festival, a Glaswegian private party — changing?

Many hope it will change. As the money and prominence have increased, so has pressure from its critics. Visual arts, they say (quite rightly), are a poor relation: galleries devise their own Mayfest shows out of their normal operating budgets. Film and certainly video sit on the sidelines. Local groups listed under the heading 'Fringe' resent the category; community arts organisations still see Mayfest's main thrust as elitist and middle-class. 'So where on earth do the audiences come from?' asked Mayfest's director, 37-year-old Ferelith Lean. For its popularity cannot be in doubt. Audiences have grown year after year. This year, all the events of my packed four days (except the 'community' ones, as explained in part one) were extremely well attended.

But then, like Glasgow itself, Mayfest has its contradictions. On the one hand the bleakness of the far-flung housing 'Schemes', where unemployment is high and amenities are minimal; on the other, the ritziness of a city centre which — complete with handsome old buildings — is beginning to CoventGardenise itself. The Clyde's dying shipyards coexist with the bullish 'Merchant City'. Mayfest at times seems as much a balancing act as a festival. It is designed to provide a prestigious focus for Scottish work; to cater for community venues in the Schemes; to bring all that is new, glittering and extraordinary into Glasgow, too long seen as a grotty counterpart to cultured Edinburgh. With its feet in so many camps the danger must be that it will either do too few things well or succumb to schizophrenia.

It's hard for an out-of-town observer to get an overview. Perhaps it was simply unfortunate that, when I was there, the theatre was merely adequate. For all its urbanity and delight, the Royal Lyceum's *Tartuffe*, in Liz Lochhead's witty Scots translation, was not new. The Tron Theatre scored by fielding original Scottish writers, with Alasdair Gray's *McGrotty and Ludmilla* and Peter Arnott's *Thomas Muir*. But neither was a completely satisfactory play. *McGrotty* was an amiable satire about a gormless Scot fallen into webs of corruption in the British civil service. In spite of a delightful performance from Kevin McGonagle as McGrotty and Peter Ling's wonderful revolving set that created endless corridors of power, it needed a far tighter hand to stop it taking itself too seriously. *Muir* attempted to rehabilitate the neglected 18th-century Scots reformer Thomas Muir: a laudable aim undermined by a plethora of detail, inordinate length and a baffling time structure.

No such problem with *The Beggar's Opera*, a collaboration between Wildcat (and author David Maclennan) and Edinburgh's Royal Lyceum. A sumptuous, well-appointed production, it brought events bang up to date, setting the past in Peachum's new poorhouse-theme bar, full of tarts and blokes in high-heels and a lot of black leather. What exactly this had to say about Britain in the Eighties was not too clear; the tits and stocking-tops seemed decidedly gratuitous. However, the music by David McNiven was tremendous, well handled by a cast that had the impressive ability to step up onto the rostrum and take up the sax or keyboards. Wildcat has a reputation for sharp political theatre, but, while *The Beggar's Opera* struck sparks, it was hardly the conflagration that events — like the further shipyard cuts announced that very week — demand. It was left to a far more amateurish outfit to point up that angle, when Govan's community pageant (*Nothing Without Work*, described in part one) wound through tatty streets past the shipyards' closed gates.

Mayfest's contradictions will undoubtedly continue to rub abrasively against one another. But, if they didn't, there would be a strong case for arguing that the festival was failing. Its inconsistencies — and the dynamism, honesty and interest they produce — are its greatest strength.

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Convoy capers

Heathcote Williams

> First, there were rogues, vagabonds and beggars, roaming the countryside, sometimes in search of employment, too often mere unemployable rejects of a society in economic transformation . . . They caused considerable panic in ruling circles . . . vagabonds attended no church, belonged to no organised social group. (Christopher Hill in *The World Turned Upside Down*)

> Sex-mad junkie outlaws make Hell's Angels look like Little Noddy. (*News of the World*)

WINDSOR GREAT PARK was once common land. It was enclosed by George III as a private hunting ground and, later, used by him for conducting conversations with a tree under the impression that it was the King of Prussia.

In 1972, 1973 and 1974, attempts were made to restore its original status as common land by Windsor Free Festival. The third Festival was brought to a conclusion by 600 Thames Valley Police in a day-long battle.

In the wake of this, one of the organisers, Phil Russell, left for Stonehenge, there to continue the festival. He set up a desultory encampment consisting of a few bendies and a sellotaped dome of black rubbish bags and, in that bleak and unforgiving place, preached a fond form of work-free sun-worship.

As his associates grew in number, he attracted the attentions of the military, who, up to then, had had Salisbury Plain to themselves. Eviction procedures were swiftly put into motion. But Phil Russell had a dog called Wally. Knowing that those who wished to serve an eviction notice were obliged to discover the names of the persons on whom they wished to serve it, Phil insisted that all the residents of Stonehenge, now about 50, change their name to Wally. Since it was inconceivable to the Master in Chambers that 50 people should all be called Wally, the case was thrown out on the grounds that the evicting body hadn't done its homework.

The victory prompted another festival. Shortly afterwards, Phil Russell died in unexplained circumstances and, as his associates scattered his ashes around Stonehenge, they reached the conclusion that his death wasn't altogether cricket. He had last been seen in a zombiefied state wandering across the Plain; catatonic. It was rumoured that someone might have wanted to shut him up and shut him down. Those present resolved to return to Stonehenge each year to commemorate him. This was the birth of the Convoy.

By 1984 the Stonehenge Festivals had grown to number 30,000 people and had attracted a myriad of elements, all derisively called 'hippies' by the press.

By 1985 the official custodians of Stonehenge had determined that the Festival should not take place and the surrounding area was scarred with deep trenches and covered in razor-wire and access to the totemic site was closed off with spoil and rough-cast. Then, in early June, as the Festival built up before the Summer Solstice, 700 police arrived from five counties, fresh from the miners' strike and duties at Greenham, together with a detachment of MoD police, and surrounded the Convoy's camp near Cholderton. The Convoy set off for Stonehenge. When its members realised the extent to which they were outnumbered, they offered to negotiate, they offered to retreat, they offered to leave the county. The police required them to 'surrender'. Some refused.

Lord Cardigan, Secretary of the Marlborough Conservative Association, described what followed: 'One image will probably stay with me for the rest of my life. I saw a policeman hit a woman on the head with his truncheon. Then I looked down and saw she was pregnant, and I thought: "My God, I'm watching police who are running amok." '

The festival-goers were flushed out of their vehicles by police with truncheons drawn and visors down. Some vehicles were commandeered by the police as battering-rams; some were towed away to the council dump. A baby lay half-buried in broken glass outside one Convoy home, while its parents were detained.

This over-kill made it tempting to think that such a superfluous and expensive operation could have had a sub-text: in the event of a nuclear war, and the consequent breakdown of centralised government, roving bands would certainly take to the countryside in search of food; the Peace Convoy's antics may have furnished a useful opportunity for the authorities to dress-rehearse.

Such notions may score a high rating on the paranoia gauge, but that would merely put them on a par with most of the reaction to the Convoy itself. So what *are* their iniquities, these Tin Men looking for a Yellow Brick Road?

They shit on a few fields. If farmers were not so impatiently and prodigally burning off their stubble, a mixture of straw and the excrement proffered by the Convoy would prove more salubrious than carcinogenic fertilisers.

Their dogs have savaged the odd sheep. The sheep were already lined up to be savaged into donner kebabs.

They create havoc in the supermarkets of county towns. They do not, it is true, always cravenly accept price labels as canonical.

They take drugs. They claim success at weaning escapees from heroin-soused ghettoes onto milder substitutes.

They clog up the roads. The roads are already clogged up. More noxious convoys receive attentive escorts or are allowed to pass without comment.

They are denying farmers the 'proper use of their land'. The ownership of land is inequitable. They are temporarily adjusting the balance.

They appear to have dissolved most ties with the State yet hypocritically reap State benefits. Why should they refuse it while there's no land on which they could subsist?

They are anarchists. Ah . . . . □

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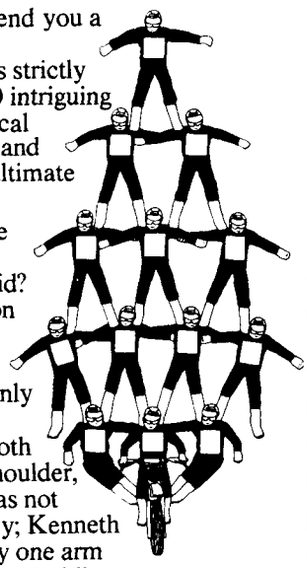

Thirteen members of a motor-bike pyramid team were giving their display. From the information below, can you say where each man was positioned in the pyramid? Simply write his initial in ballpoint pen in the square on his chest.

Harry's foot was on Gregory's right shoulder. Alban's left arm only was free; Clarence's right arm only was free. Leo's heel was causing someone great pain. Fergus was next but one to Damien, who was using both arms. Montmorency, whose foot was on Edmund's shoulder, had the same (single) arm free as him. James, who was not using both arms, was not on the same level as Gregory; Kenneth was one level higher than Clarence. Bertrand had only one arm free. Ivan was two levels lower than, and directly beneath, Alban.

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Weekend competition

No 2928 Set by Rupert Maxwell

The *NS* once ran a competition on newspaper headlines after the four-minute warning: *Morning Star*, 'Trade Unionists Welcome Goodwill Bomb'; *Daily Express*, 'Royals Safe'; *Daily Mirror*, 'It's a Big 'Un' (it was a *long* time ago). You can extend it to magazines as well: *The Face, Marxism Today, Spare Rib* . . . Keep 'em short and tasteless. By 26 June.

No 2925 Set by Maud Gracechurch

Stylistically appropriate replies from the objects that poets have celebrated.

Report By Red Dorn

Urns, fleas and bunches of daffs: have you actually *read* any poetry since coming down from Oxford in 1920? Foreigners write it too, you know. And women (but thanks for Plath's Bee Box, Ronald Bergan). No doubt Britain's flora and fauna have been marginalised and silenced by history: but we wanted laughs not lugubrious manifestos of thrushes' rights. Eight pounds each to these (although the horse wasn't really the *object* of 'Stopping By Woods on a Snowy Evening'). The rest of you might benefit from an hour in a good poetry bookshop.

Underwear to Ferlinghetti

I guess all your fag pinko West Coast friends
thought it was a real gas,
taking the piss out of Y-Fronts and bras.
Underwear as a symbol of fascist repression?
OK, you had your laugh, but think:
Something has to be the last line of defense
Against herpes, AIDS and other plagues,
Not to mention
The draining of vital bodily fluids.
Did you know the Russkis never wear BVDs?
Everyone sees the map on Gorbachev's head,
But what about the stain on his pants?
Creeping, spreading:
The world empire of stale Communist piss.

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

Snake

Lawrence came early to my water trough, in pyjamas
With buttons open, peeping flesh to the sun
To piss there.

From the deep, strange-scented depths of Frieda's four-poster
He came down the steps, kidneys bursting
And must wait, must stand and wait, for my longness was at the trough before him.

I looked down last night from the gloom of the rafters
And his slackness now was his slackness then, in the moonlight.
He had missed another chance with one of the ladies of life
And now had something to expiate:
A wetness.

ANTHONY CANE

A Daffodil to Wordsworth

You stood here blinking, like a mole,
A poet in a funny hat;
You sat and wrote upon that knoll;
A dozen of us were squashed flat.
You babbled like a man who's sick,
As you bestrode the lake's damp shore,
And, as you strode, your sturdy stick
Decapitated twenty more.
Though now we sleep, a silent crowd,
Depleted in our beds of loam,
Next time you want to be a cloud,
Forget it, Will, and stay at home.

C. FEVER

Robert Frost's Little Horse

Whose woods these are I know damn well,
As far as I'm concerned it's hell
To stand here fetlock-deep in frost
While he dreams up his doggerel.

God knows how many times we've crossed
These woods tonight, I'll bet we're lost,
And yet the dickhead's tickled pink
Whene'er my harness bells are tossed.

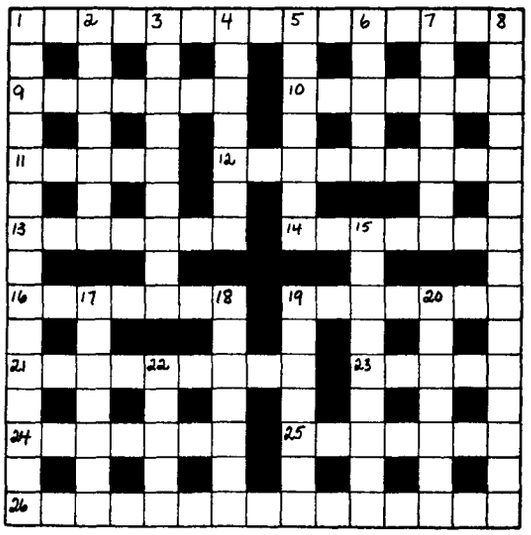
I wish to hell the stupid fink
Would get me home to food and drink,
For whilst I'm waiting half asleep
The ground's become a skating rink.

The woods are spooky, cold and deep but there's a hopeful dream I keep,
That he will flog this clapped-out heap and buy himself a bloody jeep.

GERRY HAMILL

Weekend Crossword 1521

PRIZE: £10 Book Token for the first correct solution opened. Entries to Crossword 1521, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU by first post 24 June.



Name_____

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ACROSS

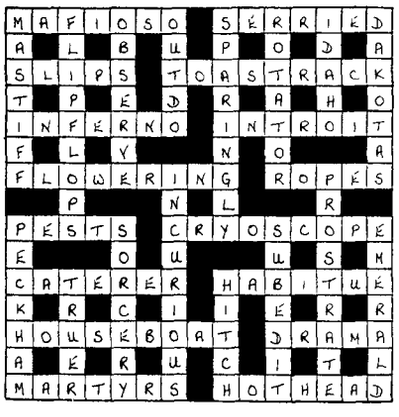
1. One who depicts a bearer of burdens without characteristic suffering (8,7)
9. Reply I send off when surrounded by soldiers (7)
10. Saying of a demonstrator with a little book (7)
11. Order to prepare for publication about a hundred (5)
12. Source of ammonia (9)
13. Town left in drag by guest of the Veneerings (7)
14. Game in which blood is spilt without first-class backing (7)
16. Surprisingly I seem to be included by the paper — such is fate! (7)
19. Not for in-patients from the centre? (7)
21. If the birds left this woman would still have a point (9)
23. Land in a single bed (5)
24. The crude oil enters a hole with great physical force (7)
25. Name which is the opposite of the French aristocratic one (7)
26. Police control which may be used to make the East follow Grantham (4,3,2,3,3)

DOWN

1. Ideal break in the musical term (7,8)
2. Crazy peer holds gentleman up for payment from estate (7)
3. Concerned with the furniture, colonises anew (9)
4. The cow he is upsetting for entertainment (7)
5. Did the decoration when the priest was already installed in the home (7)
6. In France they hold a party for recipients of great honour (5)
7. Let room free for musical effect (7)
8. Bird and jolly character come together in spirit (5,10)
15. Curve on a car much sought by fans (9)
17. The rains start in a place of retreat (7)
18. After this is redesigned a man makes some wood (7)
19. This person feels no different (7)
20. As a former conservative and a liberal, obviously has no chance of being in labour (7)
22. Queen's place for woman with a degree (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1519



Prizewinner to 1519

A. L. Morgan (Lincoln)

The solution and prizewinner to Crossword 1520 will appear next week.

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AWAKENING BEAUTY, fledgeing 40, cosmopolitan, established, spirited and stimulating seeks similar attractive grown-up prince 37-45, (no men fearful of commitment or post-family fifty year-olds), for rewarding relationship. Box (24)3203. N24.13

BALDING GAY (29), seeks younger guy — student? (Over 21). 5'6", 13st, long red hair & beard, brown eyes. Into real ale, communications, radical liberalism. Own home. Photo appreciated. Box (24)3193. N24.14

BEARDED LINGUIST, tall, slim, gentle, passionate, young 40s, course organiser, seeks lady, similar experience? Any nationality, for personal maybe professional partnership. Into Russian, German, travel, culture, fell-walking, folk music, healthy food. North West. Photo if possible. All letters answered. Box (24)3183. N24.15

BORED MALE, seeks warm, intelligent female. I'm interested in films, books and cinema. North London area. Box (24)3160. N23.16

CULTURED, WELL-EDUCATED, well-heeled, expatriate, 50, frequent visitor to Britain, seeks intelligent, fecund female under 40 (preferably Scottish) for fruitful relationship. Telephone number/photo appreciated. Box (24)3187. N24.16

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DIVORCING A television addict! Music, opera, London, Continental camping/travel preferred in company of educated lady under 55. My disability: indigent teacher. What's yours? Box (24)3189. N24.17

EARLY SIXTIES (but still an oarsman). Tall, academic, outdoor and literary interests. Thames Valley, Church communicant, seeks single woman or widow for friendship and marriage. Box (24)3188. N24.18

EDINBURGH–BASED male, 42, tall, slim, single, soft left with Green tendencies, interested history, arts, countryside, travel, seeks like-minded female for possibly long-term relationship. Box (24)3171. N24.19

EDUCATED, MUCH travelled, attractive former career/wife/mother, town house, mountain/sea retreat, optimistically seeks permanent life-enhancer around 60, well-established, financially sound, share many interests in mutual cherishing commitment. Returnable snapshot appreciated. Box (24)3176. N24.20

FEMALE TEACHER, 34, socialist, feminist, tall, attractive, would like to meet a tall, handsome, warm, friendly, interesting man. Photo appreciated. Box (24)3170. N24.21

FRIENDLY COSMOPOLITAN francophile (f.) seeks intelligent, civilised man (over 55), with joie de vivre and sense of humour. London. Tel. No. please. Box (24)3161. N23.18

GAY WOMAN, 40s, Cumbria, would like to meet similar, for warm friendship. Box (24)3158. N23.19

INDEPENDENT, BUT affectionate female graduate, 50, interested arts, running and intelligent professional men – not necessarily in that order. You? (Within 50 miles Gloucestershire). Likes informative letters. Box (23)3126. N23.21

LONDONER, 43, professional with fringe tastes, slightly under the influence of Zen, seeks clear-eyed, undogmatic woman with energy and humour to match his. Box (24)3205. N24.22

LONDON MALE, 36, non-smoker, teacher, seeks woman to share enjoyment of politics, books, independent cinema, vegetarian meals, country walks, discussion, caring and cuddles. Box (24)3174. N24.23

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MALE GRADUATE, 24, warm, tall, intelligent, active socialist, Christian (pro-liberation variety), seek female soulmate (20-27) for equal relationship. Possible summer travel. Oxford based. Box (24)3194. N24.25

MALE GRADUATE, 44, seeks argumentative female intellectual, (30-40), as correspondent/friend. Box (24)3167. N24.26

MEET ME AT EXPO '86! Canadian lady, 60, ex-business, unencumbered Sagittarian looking for tall, intelligent, charming and financially secure gentleman, for friendship. Box (24)3202. N24.27

MUSICIAN, DIVORCED father. Intellectual and fitness fanatic, very firmly shaped. Interests include: running, yoga, S. and M., seeks cheerful, non-feminist socialist, 30s, for classical concert — opera outings etc. Box (24)3165. N24.28

NEW AGE centred man, 56 years, 6' tall, fit good-looking, sexually responsive, currently unattached, no ties, wishes meet woman similar outlook, London area. Box (24)3163. N24.29

NORTHERN IRISH male, early 20s, athlete, graduate, seeks female any age, anywhere for correspondence, friendship, whatever. Hope, laughter, despair all welcome. Left-wing and left out – so somebody say yes! Box (24)3168. N24.30

OXFORD ONLY. Conversation/culture, Playhouse/Ashmolean, walks in the Parks etc. Genuine companionship sought (m. or f.) by mid-40s, divorced female, not yet into 'singles' clubs or 'deep relationships'. Box (23)3133. N23.27

PERSONABLE, SEMI-RETIRED, solvent London executive, young sixties, in arid marriage, seeks younger, attractive, warm-hearted London based lady, non-smoker, with sense of humour, equable temperament, for discreet, affectionate friendship, to enjoy wining, dining and other normal human pleasures. Box (23)3127. N23.29

PETER GRIMES type, West Country stamping ground, arrogant, cynical, demanding, dominant, withal cultured and intelligent, seeks willing male for female apprentice. Box (24)3169. N24.31

PROFESSIONAL PhD., 29, author's interests: arts, literature, theatre, country, seeks warm, caring lady for loving friendship. London based can travel. Box (24)3177. N24.32

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SLIM, ROMANTIC, feminine woman lawyer, hoping to rebuild life, seeks unattached, tall, cultured and personable professional man, youthful fifties, with same purpose in mind. Box (24)3184. N24.33

TALL, GOOD-LOOKING man. In platonic marriage while the children fledge. Slim, 42, lively, vegetarian, green. Into sustainable lifestyles, music, bikes, folk dancing, fun, caring, affection and loving. Would like to share this with an attractive, slim woman, perhaps similarly placed. Herts. Box (23)3125. N23.32

TALL, SLIM, sensitive male, 38, seeks woman companion, possibly wife. Interests: playing clarinet/piano/sitar, art, cinema, languages, history, literature, writing poetry, human rights, Third World, countryside. Socialist open to feminist sympathies. Based Central London. Box (23)3120. N23.33

WANTED: warm-witted, tender-hearted man for professional woman, late 30s, who seeks good companionship and caring relationship. Likes: people, walking, design, theatre, music, books, gardening, countryside. Squash-playing go-getters need not apply. Box (23)3122. N23.35

WOMAN LANGUAGE teacher, 47, separated, Mediterranean looks, plump, petite, affectionate, good listener, generous, likes music, words, nature, seeks cultured man for friendship. (Midland-based). Box (24)3191. N24.34

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MEETINGS

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public Talk Sunday 15 June 8 p.m. 'Theosophy in Daily Life'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL. N24.2

BOOKS/ PUBLICATIONS

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermillion Books, 57 Red Lion St, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822. N49 24

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AGENDA

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SAT 14 JUNE

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL VIGIL FOR HUMAN RIGHTS IN SOUTH AFRICA. 12 noon — 6pm, St Martin-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Square, WC2. Music, poetry/prose readings, film, ecumenical church service. Info: 01-251 8371.

MON 16 JUNE

ACTION ON YOUTH RIGHTS AND OPPORTUNITIES is an organisation for all those working with young people who want to work in their interest rather than against it. Meets regularly on the third Monday of the month in the Central London Youth Project, 99-103 Long Acre, WC2 at 6pm. Next meeting 16/6.

READINGS AT SISTERWRITE, 190 Upper Street, London N1. 7pm, Suniti Namjoshi reads from several of her well-known books, *Feminist Fables* and *Conversations of a Cow*, and from her newest book, *Aditi and the One-Eyed Monkey*. All women welcome. Adm free. Access. Info: 01-226 9782.

SOCIALIST SOCIETY DEBATE. "Education: What's left now that Joseph's gone?" Speakers: Stuart Hall and Ann-Marie Wolpe. 8pm, The Green Man, Berwick Street, W1. Contributions. Info: 01-734 8501.

TERRORISM — A SOCIALIST ANALYSIS Public meeting organised by the Socialist Party of Great Britain, South West London. 7.30pm, 52 Clapham High Street, SW4, Tube, Clapham North.

WED 18 JUNE

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. "The Future of the National Health Service," at 11 Dartmouth Street, London SW1. 7.30pm. Speaker & questions. Contact: Elliott Miller 01-673 0467.

CLIFFORD PARK NATURAL HEALTH CENTRE *Open Evening on Food & Health with Angela Henderson* (Dietary Therapist). 7.30pm. £1.50 includes talk on relationship between diet and disease, question time and healthy refreshments. 154 Church Street, Stoke Newington, N16. (73 bus route). Info: 01-249 2990.

LONDON ANTHROPOLOGY SOCIETY. "Do You Sincerely Want to Sin?: Crime and Punishment in Bali." Speaker: Mark Hobart. 7pm, Royal Anthropological Society, 56 Queen Anne Street, W1. All welcome. Info 01-354 5505.

SAT 28 JUNE

SEXUAL HARASSMENT AND THE LAW. A seminar for lawyers which will examine current strategies and future developments in this expanding area. Fee £7.50 inc background papers. Light lunch provided. Booking in advance. Org. by Women Against Sexual Harassment. Further details write with SAE to Vivienne Gay, Cloisters Temple, London EC4.

DIVIDED BRITAIN: A Challenge for the Labour Movement. Conference organised by the **Child Poverty Action Group.** 10am-4pm, University of London Union, Malet Street, London WC1. Speakers include: Rodney Bickerstaffe (NUPE), Margaret Prosser (TGWU), John Smith MP and Jo Richardson MP. Tickets (£6 waged/£2 unwaged) and full details from: Sarah Hart, CPAG, 1 Macklin Street, London WC2B 5NH.

TUES 8 JULY

NO TO STAR WARS, YES TO NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT. CND Lobby, 2.30 — 10pm, House of Commons. Also 3 public meetings, stalls, exhibitions & creche, Central Hall Westminster. CND 01-250 4010.

FRI 11-SUN 13 JULY

C.S.E. ANNUAL CONFERENCE: New Perspectives for Socialism. Sheffield Polytechnic. Papers on nine sub-themes, plus educational sessions for students and others. Plenary speakers include: Ralph Miliband, Doreen Massey, Cynthia Cockburn & Robin Murray. Creche, pre-registration, conference papers and details: CSE, 25 Horsell Road, London N5 1XL. Tel: 01-607 9615.

FORTHCOMING

SOCIAL RESEARCH ASSOCIATION SUMMER EVENT. Austin Mitchell MP "Research: a useful tool in the political process?" 17 July 1986, 5pm. Room CM507, Main Building, City University, Northampton Street, EC1. £3.50 members/£4.50 non-members. Info: Norma Clayton 01-884 3058.

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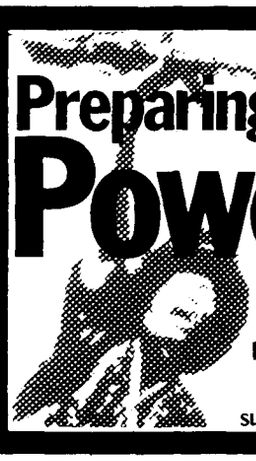

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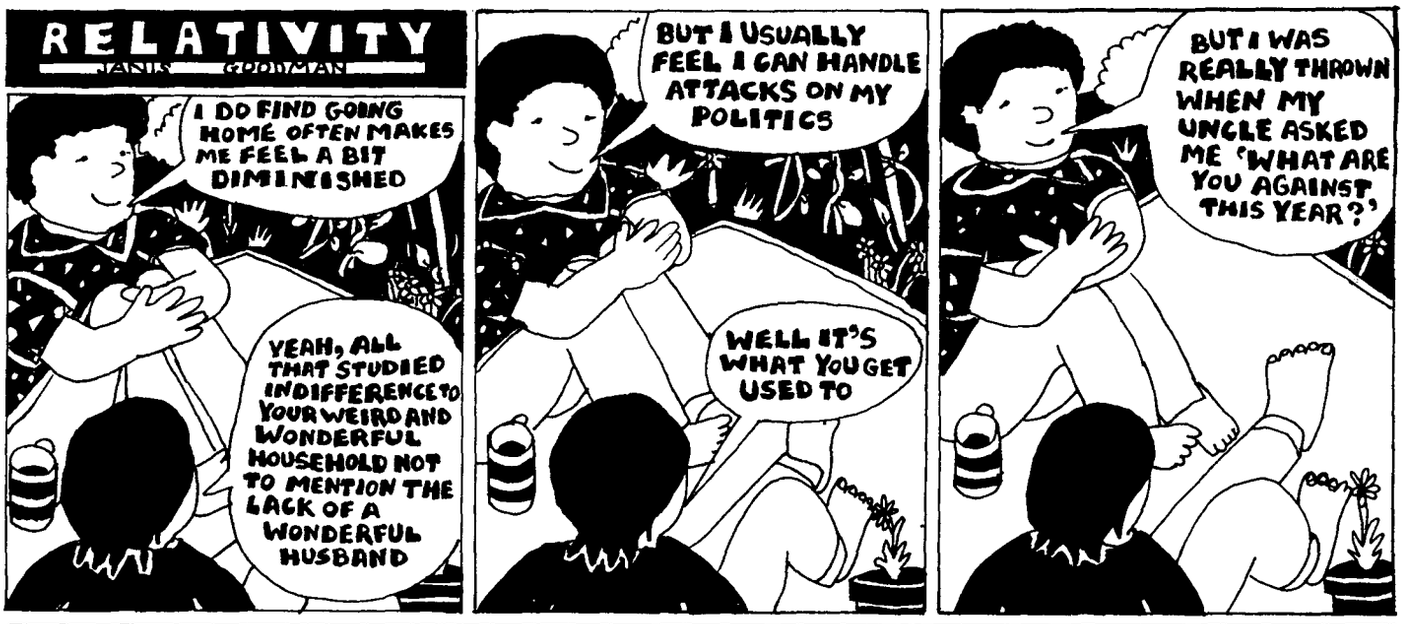
RELATIVITY
NANCY GOODMAN
I DO FIND GOING HOME OFTEN MAKES ME FEEL A BIT DIMINISHED
YEAH, ALL THAT STUDIED INDIFFERENCE TO YOUR WEIRD AND WONDERFUL HOUSEHOLD NOT TO MENTION THE LACK OF A WONDERFUL HUSBAND
BUT I USUALLY FEEL I CAN HANDLE ATTACKS ON MY POLITICS
WELL IT'S WHAT YOU GET USED TO
BUT I WAS REALLY THROWN WHEN MY UNCLE ASKED ME 'WHAT ARE YOU AGAINST THIS YEAR?'

CHESS

WHAT WOULDN'T we give for an election this year? FIDE, the world chess federation, has the good sense to operate a fixed four-year term of office and so the posts of President and General Secretary are up for election at the Dubai congress in November. It is going to be a two-party contest, that decision procedure, even cruder than a multiple-choice question, in which all those who really want to vote *against* somebody are obliged to do this by voting for somebody else.

Canvassing is well under way. The British Chess Federation has already committed itself to supporting the Lucena-Keene ticket in their bid to oust Campomanes and Lim Kok Ann. You might well think that if there is an alternative it is bound to be an improvement. When Kasparov, on his recent visit to London to look over the venue for the coming title match, appeared on the Wogan show and compained about the 'dirty tactics' in the organisation of international chess it was clear enough that he had Campomanes in mind as the chief villain. Indeed Kasparov seems quite happy to take on the role of spokesman for the anti-Campo lobby. A recent circular issued by Lucena and Keene ends with his declaration: 'I am totally against the dictator style presidency currently in FIDE. For this reason, I support and endorse the candidacy of Lincoln Lucena and GM Raymond Keene.' Surely it's time for a change when the world champion is talking like this in public about the president?

However, there is reason to doubt whether the clarity of judgement that Kasparov exhibits in play is always present at other times. His main grievance concerns the way in which Campomanes terminated his first match with Karpov, the allegation being that the match was stopped in order to save Karpov from a total psychological collapse. Yet in all probability Kasparov would not now be champion but for the decision that Campomanes took. Kasparov insists that he could have won the first match. Maybe so — but it is more likely that even an exhausted Karpov would have scored the one win he needed before suffering three further losses. Erasing Karpov's 5-3 lead and starting again from 0-0 cannot reasonably be interpreted as the action of an official bent on favouring the ex-champion.

IN ANY CASE, the decisive votes at Dubai in November will not be cast on this issue, or on any issue that primarily concerns the European scene. There are 127 national federations affiliated to FIDE and anybody who wants to secure a majority has to swing a substantial block of votes among the developing countries, as Campomanes did in beating Olafsson in 1982. He came to office on a Third-World-first manifesto and it is in this area that Lucena and Keene will have to challenge his credibility, if they are to have a real hope of winning.

That, of course, is why Lucena, a Brazilian, is running for the presidency. Although Ray Keene is a far more eminent figure than his running-mate, the handicap of being a European in a world impatient and resentful of European domination means that he would have little chance against Campomanes in the presidential poll. Of the presidential candidates themselves, there does at least seem a general consensus on this point: that Lincoln Lucena is a really nice guy, whereas the incumbent is not. Unfortunately experience shows that perception to have at best an ambivalent impact on electoral prospects.

Escaping from chess politics to the haven of the board, here is a game from the Italian correspondence championship that throws fresh light on a gambit line:

Dubini-Chiesa, Göring Gambit. 1. e4 e5 2. Nf3 Nc6 3. d4 exd4 4. c3 dxc3 5. Bc4 d6 6. Nxc3 Nf6 7. Qb3 Qd7 8. Ng5 Ne5 9. Bb5 c6 10. f4 cxb5 11. fxe5 dxe5 12. Be3 a5!? Other moves have been found wanting. **13. 0-0 a4 14. Qxb5 Be7** In my book *Open Gambits* I assessed this as better for White because of 15. Rad1, but the players spotted that Black then has 15 . . . Qxb5 16. Nxb5 0-0 17. Nc7 Bg4! **15. Qxe5 0-0 16. Rad1 Qe8 17. Bd4 Bd8 18. Qg3 Nh5 19. Qh4 h6 20. Qxh5 Bxg5 21. h4 Bd8 22. Bc5 Ra5! 23. Rd5 Rxc5 24. Rxc5 Bb6 25. Kh1 Bxc5 26. Qxc5 Bg4** ½-½. I wish someone would start winning games with the Göring again, but that hardly seems possible nowadays.

George Botterill

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☐ Her husband Sir Charles died seven years ago. Asked what he did for a living, Lady Tucker replied: 'Nothing. He was an English gentleman.' — *Daily Express* (A. J. Croft)

☐ A collapsible golden toothbrush, produced by the royal jewellers and ordered by an accountant who wanted something special to clean his teeth after business lunches, is one of a series of British industrial success stories in the latest issue of CBI news. — *Financial Times* (Don Christopher)

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